

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

NOTES AND COMMENTS

WE are proud to announce that a new poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy, "At the Entering of the New Year," will appear in THE ATHENÆUM for December 31. The poem is in two parts, each containing two verses, the first entitled "Old Times," the second "New Times."

The Prix Goncourt for the best work of fiction by a younger French writer for 1920 has been awarded to M. Ernest Pérochon for his novel, "Nène." It is fairly safe to say that the book is utterly unknown in England. It was not even published in Paris (where indeed it was refused by four houses), but by a bookseller in Niort (Deux Sèvres). On the whole, we are inclined to suspect that there has been an unconvincing compromise like that by which Senator Harding was chosen to be Republican candidate for the Presidency of America. M. Pérochon's book is said to be a simple story of farm life. At various times the Goncourt Academy has manifested a desire to return to nature; and before the war the tendency was fairly pronounced among young French men of letters. But the results of their efforts were unconvincing; they achieved *simplesse* rather than simplicity.

Mrs. Olive Schreiner, whose death is reported from Capetown, was the woman of a single book. She was known to the world as the author of "The Story of an African Farm," a book remarkable for the warmth of its pictures of an unfamiliar life, which she brought to England when she was little more than twenty years of age. George Meredith admired the book greatly, and helped her to secure publication. But Mrs. Schreiner's subsequent books were disappointing. "Dreams" and "Dream Life and Real Life" revealed

her as a rather commonplace sentimentalist; and "Peter Halket" was important mainly as a violent attack on the original settlers in Rhodesia. But "An African Farm" fairly deserved its great and lasting popularity.

The letter from a bookseller which we publish in our correspondence columns, though it is supported by a list of books placed in stock which conclusively proves that Mr. Saxton is a bookseller with a literary conscience, does not weaken our general case against the modern bookseller. We were careful to state that there were conspicuous exceptions in the ranks of the booksellers, and the fact that we have discovered one of whom we did not know does not invalidate our general conclusions. It may possibly be that book-selling in the provinces is better than in London; it could scarcely be worse. The crux of the matter is that the majority of booksellers are forgetting, or have long since forgotten, that it is part of their duty to educate the demand. They are content to supply it.

The rejection of the motion admitting women to full Cambridge degrees by the Senate of the University is, we think, deplorable, though it would be foolish to attach too much importance to it. It will not be many years before Cambridge is compelled to give way. A great deal was made in preceding controversy of the argument that Cambridge must wait to see the result of Oxford's rash experiment. But it is not a question of experiment or expediency at all, but of justice; and it is for this reason that we regret that Cambridge should have chosen to give the outer world the impression that our older Universities are homes of reaction and obscurantism, instead of the sources of enlightenment which they really are.

THE LITTLE VOYAGE

IT was morning when the ship slid out from under the eaves of Hongkong. Hongkong is like the great shadow of a Chinese temple upon the sky; its summit is nearly always ruled straight by a high horizontal mist, its slopes have the optimistic concavity of temples, and only lack a titanic dragon and a curled lion or two to make the temple suggestion complete. At night, so absurdly is Hongkong tilted, it loses its outline, for the lights of the Peak climb so high and the stars climb so low.

But it was morning when my little ship deftly extricated herself from the tangle of shadows and ships in the harbour. Between the tawny junks, the low grey battleships with decks like petrified forests, the dark, rusty tramp steamers, the hooded sampans on which the Chinese water coolies with their cats and flowers and women and babies live—between this and that my little ship picked her way. Hongkong itself was dim, but across the harbour the clouds were crystallized into balls and loops of silver that blew about among the gaunt hills of South China.

When Hongkong slipped over the grey-glass rim of the sea the little ship—she had a Chinese name, shall we call her the Chang-shing?—seemed all alone like a guest in a strange land; a great company of remote islands stood about her and, without welcome, watched her pass. I had never been so much alone on the sea before. The ways of the globe-trotter have been too much my ways; too often on ships there have been men and women between me and the sea. I have listened to the voices of travelling salesmen on the subject of modern drama rather than to the passing words of the sea. I have criminally associated ships with cheap emotions and cheap scent.

The Chang-shing carried only indigo and, by courtesy, me. She was only smart in comparison with some of the junks. And perhaps in order to show herself to advantage, for the first two days of her voyage north she rolled snorting proudly up the rough ruts of a plunging avenue of junks. Chinese fishing junks are like skeletons in crinolines. Their tattered matting sails are stiffened like fans with bamboos; wreathed about their figures are red paper prayers, struggling to catch the attention of heedless gods. Often these junks were tilted forward, stern high and bow awash, as though the vessel contemplated diving. They swung at anchor, jealously guarding their little claims in the sea, each claim staked out by a hedge of flagged bamboos floating upright. China, with hills dull red or dunes bleakly white, ran by us to the west; there was never a sign of life on the coast, and at night never a light. We passed a lighthouse on the third day; white and sophisticated, it sprang up in a primitive and dreambound world. Could it be that men and not gods lived in such isolation? *How the sea must count to them . . .*

"You an' him can have a' the sea for me," said the Skipper, who is from Dundee, and, like most sailors, believes that he wants to settle down. He says rather prettily that all that he wants to see of the sea for the rest of his life is a "wee far seelver edge." And he talks little of the immediate sea; his stories, which hold me spellbound over a lingering

mango or lichee for hours after the meal proper is over, deal with remote adventures—tigers in the South China hills, quarrels and hot nights in Indian ports, inside anecdotes of the North Sea in war-time, the pursuit of gold in Australia by one Weather-r-beaten Brown, the occasional illicit relief of Port Arthur during the Russo-Japanese war, politics and the dog-ward tendency of poor England, the first voyage of an apprentice round the world in a sailing-ship thirty years ago . . . Sometimes the talk comes closer and turns on typhoons or pirates. These things are so common, they rarely find a new ear for their reception in the China trade. Every island talks of one typhoon until the next stops the talk; every river-mouth echoes with the doings of pirates. One of the most powerful trade unions in China—that land of perfect trade unions—is the pirates' guild. But most of all the skipper and the mate, and, on occasions, the pilot and the firm's agent, love to tell very small vague stories about other sailors. Their minds are a network of names. "Then there was McKay—d'you mind what his bride said when he found her mother in the larder? . . . and Guthrie, who called for carrots . . . in Shanghai . . . and what was the tale of Fair-r-r-guson and the centipede? . . ." Scotland's population must be about five hundred per cent. merchant sailors, I think. One never really appreciates the greatness of Scotland until one goes to sea.

The Chang-shing scorned to touch so sophisticated a port as Shanghai, but one evening at sunset on a sea of glazed crimson she passed the mouth of the Yang-tse river. The perspective of the clouds followed that of the river, and there was a great feather of wine-coloured cloud rooted, as it seemed, in the sun itself; the tip of the plume hung low over our mast. The river withdrew into a low confusion of hills, and into that confusion the sun sank down alive . . .

We ran into a fog that night, and the Chang-shing rent her soul and mine with cries of warning to an apparently empty world. But the fog was like the curtain between two acts, for when at noon next day we shook ourselves clear of it we were in northern seas, and the great square-sailed grey junks that travelled across our sight were of a new and more austere shape. The coast was clearer, fiercer and more scarred. Wei-hai-wei, that British home from home, broke the outline of the cliffs, and we could see the bulls of the herd at rest, the dark formidable outlines of the China Squadron, and a mother-ship of submarines with her frolicsome young. And at Wei-hai-wei, though we did not put into harbour, a large number of passengers alighted. They were courtesy passengers, like me, a great company of the most incorrigible landlubbers, most unsuitably dressed for a sea-journey. Finches, jays, little tentative flautists, nameless to me, smooth grey-crested dandies with scarlet throats, pigeons, a couple of sparrowhawks—lion and lamb alike they had been sitting for the last twenty-four hours in agitated rows upon our deck and rigging. They trusted me to an unexpected extent, though not to the point of eating the crumbs which I spread out before them. Some of the Chinese sailors betrayed their trust and caught one or two.

The seagulls laughed loud, raucous, nautical laughter at this innocent invasion. But the passengers knew what they were about. They alighted as one bird at Wei-hai-wei.

We reached the port of Chefoo late on our sixth night. All next day, while coolies, dyed bright blue with indigo, piled into precarious lighters the oozing sacks of our cargo, the skipper and I explored the sordid and sun-stricken city of Chefoo. I cannot bear to think that Chefoo still exists, a city baked and caked in squalor. On every side there were two inevitable sights—cruelty and churches. The men beat the horses, the boys beat the dogs, the babies tortured the little flame-coloured lizards that ran about the walls. The streets, it seemed to me, were full of dark, earth-blackened, naked bodies contorted with anger and the power of making anger felt. The churches looked on decorously, feeling no doubt that here was useful copy for endless sermons. I was glad when the Chang-shing went out of Chefoo into the clean yellow sea.

The Yellow Sea is really yellow, which seems wonderful to me. It was yellower than probability would allow, so yellow and so matt in surface that a string of camels would have seemed less surprising on its horizon than a junk. A pilot, full of wheezy jocosity, came on board and inserted the Chang-shing into the Pei-ho river. Two Chinese mud-forts, long proved futile by British naval guns in the Boxer rising, still keep up the pretence of guarding that narrow mouth, but the Chang-shing ignored them and began feeling her way up a waterway which is like a puzzle founded on a tireless repetition of the last letter of the alphabet. The earth was no less golden than the sea, the evening was an orgy of old-gold. The villages were of yellow mud, the mud houses were eyeless, their crumbling doors gaped; there was no colour but yellow in their streets. There were graves everywhere, cones of mud varying in height and perfection of symmetry according to the importance of the occupant. The cities of the living and the cities of the dead were not divided. It is a proud and honourable thing to be dead in China, and the choice between one mud house and another is a very small choice. Movement in the land was chiefly provided by the salt-mills; like merry-go-rounds at a home fair, they span and span, lacking only the music and the colour and the merriment. Sometimes mudcaked babies ran down on to a mud beach to throw themselves down in the golden wave caused by the Chang-shing's passing. In that wave the moored fishing boats stirred uneasily; they were like dragon-flies asleep, their nets were stretched on quivering bamboos at the tops of hinged masts.

Once, as the fringes of the smoke that overhangs Tientsin began to shut out the sun, there was music beside us, and I looked down into a fishing boat on its way home from sea. In the bow sat the musician, singing softly and vagrantly to a long-necked guitar; in the stern his partner had unbraided his waist-long blue-black hair and combed it slowly with luxurious fingers. A tawny little boy in a single blue garment propelled the unhurried boat in time to the song. And then the city and the end of the little voyage invaded us.

STELLA BENSON.

JOHN WEBSTER'S SIGNATURE

CLASSIFICATION of one's fellow-creatures is a weakness to which noble as well as ignoble minds are often prone; and a fresh criterion for the process is therefore not likely to be unwelcome. Perhaps such a one was provided by the recent announcement of the discovery at Cambridge of the signature "John Webster" in a fifteen-ninety quarto (Peter Bale's "Writing Schoolmaster"), with the comment (published in *The Observer* of December 5) that, "as no other signature of the dramatist nor even any of his handwriting is known to exist, there seems to be a *prima facie* case for considering this to be his." The argument, by the way, is peculiar; for one would rather have thought that the non-existence of any other autograph made it impossible, in the absence of external evidence, to decide whether it were his or not. But let that pass and consider the mere announcement that the signature "John Webster" in a book of his time has been found at Cambridge. What then?

There are, of course, if not infinite, very numerous possibilities of attitude. A "littery gent" of our acquaintance was once travelling to this very town of Cambridge, and happened to mention in conversation this very dramatist. His interlocutor immediately said: "I didn't know the Attorney-General [at that time Sir Richard Webster, afterwards Lord Alverstone] had written plays." That is the State of, perhaps blissful, Ignorance. On the other hand, someone else might break into an impassioned argument for or against Mr. Swinburne's dictum that Webster was an inlet or bay of the ocean Shakespeare. That is the State of Unquiet Knowledge. But neither of these exemplifies exactly, though the last-named is not far off, the dichotomy which presents itself to our mind at this moment.

A representative of one of the two classes suggested would probably be a little sceptical of the identification in question. He would remark that "Webster" is not precisely the most uncommon of surnames, and "John" still less the most uncommon of Christian ones. He would pretty certainly recall the fact that "John Webster" is a fox that has been already started and that has got away more than once; and he might dwell, a little caustically, on the point touched at the end of our first paragraph. But he would then, or even earlier, be content to leave the matter alone, and, as soon as he had time and opportunity, turn to the "Duchess" and the "Devil" again, marvelling at their somewhat narrow but profound idiosyncrasy, and perhaps remembering, with a smile varying in quality according to his temperament, the good gentlemen who fulminate against the Phoenix Society for resuscitating "Elizabethan lust and murder plays" when there are twentieth-century Shakespeares and Sheridans just dying to be put on the boards.

No harm in this result of the discovery down at Cambridge, most certainly! Almost less than no harm—that is to say, great possibility of good—if the announcement prompts even one person who did not previously know the "Devil" and the "Duchess" to go and read them. But unluckily there is another kind of person who is quite as likely—some cynics and pessimists would say is much more likely—to be "put on the *qui vive*," as Tom and Jerry and Bob Logic were by Tom's rich wines, by this rich discovery. He will not go and read the chronicles of Malfi and the comet-progress of the Corombona either again or for the first time. At least, if he does, it will be to find out something about writing masters. It is not at all improbable that the word "bale" occurs in one or other of the plays. If it does, the inference is clear; while if it doesn't, the other inference is perhaps clearer. Webster kept it out to prevent

annoying his instructor or in order *not* to annoy John Davies of Hereford, who was a "writing schoolmaster" likewise. This last suggestion would be good for a chapter, if not a volume. Then observe that the discovery has been made *at Cambridge*. Was not Webster a University wit after all? Did he not write about "Appius and Virginia"—a notoriously academical subject? Is it not possible that when he took a share in "Westward Ho!" and "Northward Ho!" but *not* in "Eastward Ho!" he was either endeavouring to conceal his membership of the Eastern University or refusing to degrade it by association with the theatre?

It is all very well to say, "This is mere trifling." But will anybody acquainted with the subject lay his hand on his heart and declare that on his honour and conscience he never read arguments on the personality and history of an Elizabethan dramatist which were provoked by a similar incident and led to the display of *φλυαρία* as absurd as anything here suggested? Is it even necessary to go to the retreats of the good people who give us fancy bio-bibliographies of Bacon to find cobweb-spinning as flimsy? On the contrary, it is notorious that this kind of "lost labour and lightminded folly" is a plague of the study—or sham-study—of literature which it is apparently impossible to eradicate. It simply devours the feeble folk: it is apt to infect the very elect, except a very few who ought to be humbly thankful rather than sinfully proud of their immunity.

Do we therefore blame the discoverer for publishing his discovery? By no manner of means. Let it be cheerfully registered in the memory of the student of things Elizabethan that a "John Webster" possessed, and that the University of Cambridge possesses with his signature, such and such a book of a date contemporary with the dramatist. Let this be added to the accounts of the parish clerk and the tailor's son and any other John Websters that may turn up. But let such a student also remember, and religiously attend to the remembrance, that so far this discovery is a perfectly blind alley, leading nowhere; justifying no conclusion; as far as the balance of probability goes, having nothing to do with the author of the great Dirge and the "Cover her face!" line, even though a possibility remains that it may be his; and even if it be his, affecting in no sort of way the quality and value of his work.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Poetry

WHAT I SAW IN A SLUM

Charity at her spinning-wheel
That wove a dress for Faith,
And Mercy with his bleeding feet,
And Love a starving wraith,
And Pity still a little boy
With sorrow for his only toy.

WHAT I SAW IN A RICH STREET OF THE CITY

Cruelty in an iron car
With Beauty for his bride,
The seven lusts that carried them
Over the mountain side;
The coach wherein they drove was Hate,
The Coachman's name was Pride.

FREDEGOND SHOVE.

REVIEWS

MR. CHESTERTON'S UTOPIA

THE NEW JERUSALEM. By G. K. Chesterton. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. 6d. net.)

WE hasten to say at once that Mr. Chesterton's new volume is one of his better books. It has the humanity and the humour that marked the author of "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy." We do not say that it possesses these virtues in as full a measure as did those earlier books, and it certainly lacks none of their vices, but the maddening little circle that the war seemed to have drawn round Mr. Chesterton is here broken through. As an absent-minded wanderer about Jerusalem, never quite knowing where he is going, and dreaming romantic and stirring dreams over everything he sees, we find Mr. Chesterton more likeable than as one of those vicious non-combatants who would never sheathe the sword.

The chief subject of this book is a very pressing and important one, the most important, indeed, of all contemporary questions: it is, how are we to get away from the place we have arrived at? Mr. Chesterton assumes, we think quite rightly, that the whole world is agreed that, whatever human life ought to be, it ought not to be what it is now. At this point Mr. Chesterton, as was inevitable, introduces the Middle Ages, but this familiar fetish now appears in a much more reasonable rôle. It is to serve as a point of departure. The "thing so often rebuked as a romantic and unreal return of modern men to mediæval things" is merely a return to a signpost:

They suppose they have taken the wrong turning, because they know they are in the wrong place. To know that, it is necessary not to idealize the mediæval world, but merely to realize the modern world. It is not so much that they suppose the mediæval world was above the average as that they feel sure the modern world is below the average. They do not start either with the idea that man is meant to live in a New Jerusalem of pearl and sapphire in the future, or that a man was meant to live in a picturesque and richly-painted tavern of the past; but with a strong inward and personal persuasion that a man was not meant to live in a man-trap.

Mr. Chesterton does not tell us how this return is to be practically effected; this is quite reasonable, for the desire to return must precede the discussion of ways and means, and the purpose of Mr. Chesterton's book is to create the desire. But "return to the Middle Ages" is a very vague phrase, and it is only by reading the whole of Mr. Chesterton's book that we can discover what it means. It seems to mean, amongst other things, a return to "Christianity." It is a word which always rests a little vague in Mr. Chesterton's writings; sometimes it seems to mean a political system, sometimes a group of customs, sometimes a mystical philosophy; it rarely, if ever, means the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth. Mr. Chesterton's use of the term is historically correct, for in its historic development Christianity seems to have meant everything under the sun except the spirit of its founder. Thus, religious wars are regarded by Mr. Chesterton as by far the best sort of wars. He praises patriotic wars, but to shed blood in the name of religion is an even more glorious activity:

The Crusader is in every sense more rational than the modern conscript or professional soldier. He is more rational in his object, which is the intelligent and intelligible object of conversion; where the modern militarist has an object much more confused by momentary vanity and one-sided satisfaction.

The "intelligent and intelligible object of conversion" referred to here manifestly cannot be that change of heart preached by Jesus. Even Mr. Chesterton would find it fantastic for one man to say to another, "Love your neighbours as yourself and me also, or I'll burn you alive." Neither can belief in dogma be enforced in this way. The simple-minded Arab cannot be brought to see that the mysteries of the Athanasian Creed are not only intelligible

but divinely true by the threat that, unless he performs this intellectual feat, his bowels will be torn out. But he might, under this threat, be brought to give up sherbet-water for wine, and to put a cross instead of a crescent on his temples. This, we fancy, is the kind of thing the Crusaders meant by "conversion." Those in high places doubtless meant more than this; they meant very much what any "imperialist" means, and the same arguments can be adduced in their favour.

But a return even to this kind of Christianity, the kind to which converts can be made under pain of torture and death, might be a desirable thing for the modern world. It constituted a set of customs in many ways attractive, and they lose nothing of their attractiveness in Mr. Chesterton's glowing and romantic descriptions. We do not think that coloured, motley, insanitary, plague-swept world to be the best that modern men could devise, but very probably, as Mr. Chesterton suggests, it contained the seeds of very admirable things that have been unduly neglected. It is a suggestion which is receiving, and will continue to receive, earnest consideration. We doubt, however, whether a return to the belief in miracles will also take place. Mr. Chesterton thinks it quite likely because of the Einstein theory, Spiritualism and the researches on the subconscious, and there is no doubt that these things are very bewildering. But, so far as they are science, they only make credible the miracles they can deprive of their miraculous character. A belief that miracles are not miraculous is not, we fancy, what Mr. Chesterton would call a "return." It is chiefly the famous story of the devils and the Gadarene swine that Mr. Chesterton thinks has received confirmation in these latter times. His own visit to Palestine furnished him with a striking confirmation of one part of the story; he found there was a steep place leading down to a sea. Freud and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle make credible, he thinks, the other details; Einstein is thrown in to aid the general effect. This is very characteristic of Mr. Chesterton's conception of an argument, and, when he does it well enough, it is quite readable and amusing. His occasional gibes at things he does not understand, such as the evidence for the existence of Primitive Man, and what is meant by "herd-instinct," need not detain us. The special kind of lack of education which is presupposed by this element in Mr. Chesterton's writings is daily decreasing, as is also—with the publication of Mr. Wells' "Outline of History"—the ignorance of history assumed in some of his expositions. When his audience is thoroughly inoculated against the irrelevant and misleading aspects of Mr. Chesterton's work—his scholarship and his reasoning—attention may be wholly concentrated on what is valuable in it. This element is, to put it roughly, Mr. Chesterton's scale of values. In many of his likes and dislikes Mr. Chesterton is a rich, generous human being. He often gets the names wrong; he confuses friends with foes; he creates all sorts of imaginary beings and calls them by the names of real people; but if we disregard little points of nomenclature and find out what it is that Mr. Chesterton is really talking about, we shall find that his heart is often sound, whatever we may think of his head.

It is perfectly true that the important thing about Mr. Chesterton is not what he says, but why he says it. There is no other modern English writer whose words so effectually conceal his thoughts. He has bewildered himself by adopting an extraordinarily unsuitable apparatus wherewith to express his intuitions. He has taken over a period of history, a system of philosophy, an interpretation of Christianity, as being the embodiment of his own conclusions and desires. He has identified dreams with realities; he thinks he is talking about facts when he is talking about ideals, about the past when he is talking about the future.

J. W. N. S.

POETRY OVERSEAS

MERCHANTS FROM CATHAY. By W. R. Benét. (Milford. 5s. 6d. n.
DON FOLQUET; AND OTHER POEMS. By Thomas Walsh. (Lane.
7s. 6d. net.)

THE PLAINSMAN. By Rhys Carpenter. (Milford. 7s. 6d. net.)
SPRING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. By Claude McKay. (Grant Richards.
3s. 6d. net.)

POEMS. By Frederick T. Macartney. (Melbourne, Endacott.
4s. 6d. net.)

A FLAGON OF SONG. By E. J. R. Atkinson. (Melbourne, Vidler.)
A PAGODA OF JEWELS. By Moon Kwan. (Los Angeles, Eliason.)

THE seven volumes named appear to us to be the best of the minor poetry received from America, Australia and elsewhere during the past few weeks. What principally strikes us in the work of Mr. Benét, Mr. Walsh, and Mr. Carpenter is their fierce volubility. Contrast our own poets, who seem to fill a slender pamphlet only with the utmost difficulty and by dint of typographical subterfuge. Not so these three, who not only compose poem after poem without taking breath, but also (though this does not apply to Mr. Walsh) run into a length of line beyond Swinburne. There is also an evident passion for the classical, the romantic, the arabesque topic *qua* classical, *qua* romantic, *qua* arabesque. It is St. Martin's summer in their writings for Fauns, Yggdrasil, Pegasus, and other subjects which we fear are disgruntled here. Technical skill is the great point in such poetry. Perhaps the most interesting poem in the three books is Mr. Benét's study of Keats on the voyage to Italy. It is daring enough, and severe judges would call it an outrage.

Mr. McKay is, says the preface to his verse, a full-blooded negro. His quiet and modest poetry is best when he is dealing with the simplest emotions, and is then really beautiful. The three stanzas entitled "Flame-Heart" are an achievement, and full of truth. We like Mr. McKay considerably less when he forces himself to write about Harlem prostitutes. He has one or two poems, such as the "Lynching," which powerfully express the feelings of his race: and of the others—

And little lads, lynchers that were to be,
Danced round the dreadful thing in fiendish glee.

Among Australian poets, we must confess, we prefer Clarence Kendall to Lindsay Gordon. We do not know what status among their contemporaries Mr. Macartney and Mr. Atkinson hold, but in reading them it is impossible not to long for some deeper tinge of the native colour of Kendall or the swashbuckling of Gordon. But here and there in Mr. Macartney the vivid quality breaks out:

The scanty foliage of the boree boughs
Deplores the heat, like hands of sorrow lank,
Where choughs, red-eyed, a mournful choir in rank,
Wail the low grief that pity cannot rouse;
Grotesque, the mailed goanna seems to drowse
While all else faints; beneath a mounded bank
Still cattle cluster round a boggy tank;
Sheep take the thin shade a box-clump allows.

There is a precision about this, and a close-woven texture in many other poems, which differentiate Mr. Macartney quite clearly from Mr. Atkinson, who is more citified and far more monotonous.

"A Pagoda of Jewels" is an egregious title, but Mr. Moon Kwan is far better than that. His efforts in serious poetry are few and slight; what he calls "Chinese Junk" are what the world needs: for example, "Loo Koo—Noodle Poet. Poor Noodle-Poet," which ends:

Ah, me wantta know
What made Walt Whitman so
Swell with fame
And people tell his name?
He got a beard white and long,
That what made known his song!
Me think me gonta get one too,
Maybe it will advertise poor Loo.

E. B.

THE ÆNEID

THE GROWTH OF THE ÆNEID. By M. M. Crump. (Oxford, Blackwell. 6s.)

THE title of this volume is not very alluring; it was perhaps reasonable to expect that in interest and charm it would not equal its companions. This is far from being the case. There are, to be sure, several problems connected with the composition of the Æneid which are interesting in themselves; and Miss Crump writes with such animation, and brings to the work such abundance of knowledge and scholarly insight—dropping here and there, too, by the way, pearls of literary criticism—that the reader will find himself infected with her spirit, and joining, not without enthusiasm, in her research. The problem with which she is concerned has all the attractiveness of a debatable question: Why did Virgil entreat his editors to destroy the Æneid? It is to answer that question that the book may be said to have been designed. It is obvious, of course, that the Poet, whose fastidiousness of self-criticism is well attested, was dissatisfied with his work. He was reluctant to allow his masterpiece, which expressed his whole poetic and philosophic self, to go out marred by flaws and inconsistencies and stopgaps. There was specially that third Æneid, which Miss Crump proves to our satisfaction to have been composed first, which breaks the plan of his work as it stands, and for the refurbishing and perfecting of which the Poet had just taken his last journey, following Æneas in his wanderings from one storied scene to another, that so he might describe these strange places with the knowledge and love with which he has written of his own familiar Italy—how could he leave this blot upon the whole, conscious now of his ability to refine the dross in it into true Virgilian gold?

But the third is not the only Æneid which is marred by flaws and inconsistencies and stopgaps. How abundant these are only the observant student will have discovered. The ordinary reader is carried over them by the glamour of the poem, and the music of the Virgilian hexameter. Even the "unfinished line" is often so apt to time and occasion, so dramatic and arresting, that critics have been found who consider it a conscious device of the poet "to break the monotony" of the hexameter. Miss Crump hardly needs to remind us that the Virgilian hexameter is far from being monotonous: it carries its own relief to the reader in its flexibility and varied charm, and the amazing development of it which appears in the concluding books. She adduces other proofs which show beyond question that these unfinished lines are merely stopgaps, and indicate want of revision. There are other signs of this want, and guided by them it is possible to place the Æneids in their proper order of composition.

The first part of this treatise deals largely with this question of the original order of the books, and throws much light on the poet's mind and method. Incidentally Miss Crump comes down weightily on the side of Professor Mackail in his controversy with a luckless adversary touching the opening lines ("Ille ego") of what is now our first Æneid. "The first four lines seem to have an apologetic tone. Later on, when he felt that the Æneid needed no apology, he cut them out." She clears up, too, all doubt that yet remained regarding the position and authorship of the splendid Helen passage in the Second Book. The lines are Virgil's, and none other's, but "how they survived it is impossible to say." The fact is "that while two-thirds of our second Æneid have been considerably revised, the remaining third has received little if any revision."

We do not propose to follow Miss Crump through her whole argument. The most interesting part of her conclusions is that Virgil left in the hands of Varius and Tucca

a MS. which was to some extent a fair copy, the actual text of which was not extensively corrected, and that the editors added nothing and removed nothing except what Virgil had marked for removal. Miss Crump attempts a recasting of the third Æneid with which no fault can be found. Some of the conclusions to which her argument leads her are necessarily conjectural, but the conjectures are always plausible, and will mostly, we think, command the assent of scholars. By them she has explained some passages in Suetonius and Servius hitherto obscure. She will perhaps forgive us if we remark, with all humility, certain significant tokens, felicities of observation or intuition, which indicate how much the study of classics is likely to owe to the intrusion of the female mind. We do so with less fear of being misunderstood, as we have already borne witness to the scholarly and quite masculine (to speak in the old sense) thoroughness and sanity of her method.

H. F. F.

BACK TO ARISTOTLE

THE SACRED WOOD. By T. S. Eliot. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

ON the evening of November 11 we turned up Thucydides, Book II., in order to compare the attitude of the Greek towards his cenotaph and his Unknown Warrior with our own. The experience was so startling as to be positively painful, though the pain was exquisitely pleasant. In tales of adventure people often fall over precipices to apparently certain destruction, but half-way lodge in a tree or upon a ledge of rock; the experience must be almost precisely similar to that of falling, falling, falling through the infinite space of journalistic gush and sentimentality and meaningless emotionalism, and of suddenly finding oneself with a jerk caught, bruised but safe, upon the granite of Thucydides. The attitude of the Greek towards his Unknown Warrior of the great war which destroyed Greek civilization contains many elements which are to be found in that of *The Times* and *Evening News* towards ours. Even Mr. Maxse seems something of a Little Englander in the glare of crude jingoism of the Thucydidean Pericles, who utters almost precisely the same sentiments with regard to death, honour, and patriotism which two weeks ago Fleet Street slopped so generously over the linotype machines. What distinguishes Pericles and Thucydides from Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. James Douglas is first intellect and secondly emotion. You fall through the infinite thin jelly of our speeches and journalism because there is never a thought which has been thought or an emotion which has a clear-cut content or object; the jelly is almost liquescent with mere words and fluid emotionalism. The granite of Thucydides is composed of thoughts and beliefs: they may be false or bad, but they have that satisfying solidity which comes from an attempt to use the human brain as an instrument for stripping things and facts bare of all disguises; and, almost as a corollary, the emotions have the same solidity, genuineness, and simplicity; they have a content, object, and outline; they may shine or blaze like stars or suns, they never thin out into the nebulae of mere emotionalism.

Mr. Eliot several times in the course of his book asserts or implies that there is to-day no such thing as English criticism. And, as we read on through his book—a book which you can only push your way through slowly, sometimes even laboriously—we became more and more convinced that Mr. Eliot means by criticism what Aristotle meant by criticism. When on page 33 we read that the tools of the critic are "comparison and analysis," we could no longer resist the impulse to go to the neglected shelf and take down that dusty volume of "The Poetics," and we think it is a compliment to Mr. Eliot that we read

through the remainder of his book with Aristotle open on our knees. This happy collocation of Athens and America showed us why there is no criticism to-day in the Aristotelian sense:

I propose to treat of Poetry in itself and of its various kinds, noting the essential quality of each; to inquire into the structure of the plot as requisite to a good poem; into the number and nature of the parts of which a poem is composed; and similarly into whatever else falls within the same inquiry.

There is, of course, a world of difference—of which Mr. Whibley is perhaps unaware—between even Florio and his original. The French of Montaigne is a mature language, and the English of Florio's living translation is not. Montaigne could be translated into the English of his time, but a similar work could not have been written in it. But as the English language matured it lost something that Florio and all his inferior colleagues had, and that they had in common with the language of Montaigne. It was not only the language, but the time. The prose of that age had life, a life to which later ages could not add, from which they could only take away. You find the same life, the same abundance, in Montaigne and Brantôme, the alteration in Rochefoucauld as in Hobbes, the desiccation in the classic prose of both languages, in Voltaire and in Gibbon. Only the French was originally richer and more mature—already in Joinville and Commines—and we have no prose to compare with Montaigne and Rabelais. If Mr. Whibley had analysed this vitality, and told us why Holland and Underdowne, Nashe and Martin are still worth reading, then he could have shown us how to recognize this quality when it, or something like it, appears in our own lifetime.

These two quotations will perhaps explain why Mr. Eliot seems to cry aloud to us, "Back to Aristotle," and why, after falling through the fluid emotionalism and ego-centralized psychology or moralizing which passes for criticism, he brings us up with a shock against the satisfying, if painful, hardness of the intellect. For Mr. Eliot, as for Aristotle, criticism is not concerned with the personal psychology or psychological experiences of either author, character, or reader, nor is the critic right when he attempts to interpret a poem or a play in the way in which, unfortunately, most performers conceive it to be their duty to interpret music, i.e., by rewriting it. For both these literary critics criticism is a science, the science of literary works of art, and it must therefore primarily rely upon the two great scientific instruments, comparison and analysis. It is important to note the effect of this attitude upon the work not only of Mr. Eliot the critic, but of Mr. Eliot the poet. We have sometimes thought, in reading his poems, that he was treating the writing of poetry as a science, as if it were possible for the poet, working upon the achievements of all his predecessors, to discover some entirely new poem in his own mind much as a scientist discovers a new spirochete or trypanosome. The idea is now shown to be not so fantastic as at first sight it may have appeared. In an essay on Tradition and the Individual Talent he develops a theory with regard to the nature of poetic creation which it would be unfair to him for us to attempt to explain in the narrow confines of a review. The theory postulates, however, a kind of absorption of the poetic past by the poet of to-day and a process of depersonalization in the poet. "It is in this depersonalization," says Mr. Eliot, "that art may be said to approach the condition of science."

It is impossible here to deal adequately either with Mr. Eliot's theory or practice of criticism. The two things are not, of course, the same, though Mr. Eliot's conception of each emerges clearly, if gradually, in this book. Criticism is a science in its practice; in its theory it is rather a part of philosophy. In both branches Mr. Eliot seems to us, even when we strongly disagree with his theories, judgments, or analysis, to contribute something solid, something which can serve as a foundation for knowledge, a keener or juster appreciation, and even creation. And those, we agree with Mr. Eliot, are the objects of true criticism.

L. W.

THE JEWISH SOUL

A BOOK OF JEWISH THOUGHTS. Selected and arranged by the Chief Rabbi, Dr. J. H. Hertz. (Milford. 4s. 6d. net.)

WE welcome the book that helps to reveal for English readers the teachings and ideals of the Jewish people. With the war there came through Europe a new wave of anti-Semitic persecutions whose devastating power has hardly been equalled since the Middle Ages; if we recall that the recent pogroms in the Ukraine have alone accounted for two hundred thousand Jews, either by maiming, rendering homeless, or actual killing, and that the Ukraine is but one area of many where pogroms are still taking place, we shall have only a hazy notion of what racial misunderstanding may mean ultimately—for the tragedy of the Jews is due almost entirely to that.

In England there is a vicious section of the community, small in numbers, but loud of voice, that is clamouring for the extension of this terribly direct action to our own country. We cannot persuade ourselves that the motive behind anti-Semitic propaganda in this country can have any lesser consequences. Such a volume as that which the Chief Rabbi compiled three years ago for the consolation of Jewish soldiers and sailors in the British forces, and which is now presented in an extended form, will, if given adequate publicity among non-Jews, assuredly be a counter-action. The problem of the Jews, moreover, can only be finally solved by their re-establishment in Palestine as an independent nation. The Balfour Declaration was our admission that there is no practical alternative.

The section of the volume entitled "The Testimony of the Nations" is striking evidence that the best of Gentile leaders have all along understood and esteemed the Jewish people. "As long as the world lasts," wrote Matthew Arnold, "all who want to make progress in righteousness will come to Israel for inspiration, as to the people who have had the sense of righteousness most glowing and strongest." And of the Jewish outlook Maxim Gorky has said, "I believe that Jewish wisdom is more all-human and universal than any other." It is significant that not only Tolstoy, Huxley, Renan, and Whitman, whose rightmindedness we accept as a matter of course, but Nietzsche and Strindberg contribute their testimony in language even more eulogistic, and no less wholehearted.

The book is rich in quotations of varying length by Jewish writers on every aspect of their national life. The wisdom of the ages is in them. They are extremely beautiful with the religious fervour and nobility that are so great an ornament of the race. The same beauty pervades the descriptive passages included in the section "The Jewish Year," wherein old and new authors have expressed their peculiarly Hebraic emotion about existence in the ghetto, such festivals as the "Kaddish" and "Passover," the work of the Rabbis, and the rest of the multifarious phases, secular and religious. It will come as a surprise to many that the Jewish religion is able to show any progression from the Biblical standard. The words of Eliezer ben Isaac, a writer who lived so far back as the eleventh century, are a striking reversal of the "eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" ethic which has been seized upon as one of the main weapons in the armoury of the anti-Semite: "Do not rejoice when thy enemy comes to the ground, but give him food when he hungers."

The poetry of the Jewish Scriptures is proverbial, but the exquisite tenderness of the following words from the Talmud will come as a surprise even to those who have taken its poetry for granted: "Be careful not to cause a woman to weep, for God counts her tears." The compiler's catholicity has prompted him to find place for all the more representative Jewish poetry since that passage was

T. M.

THE DECAY OF MR. D. H. LAWRENCE

THE LOST GIRL. By D. H. Lawrence. (Secker. 9s. net.)

THERE are two ways in which we may approach Mr. Lawrence's new novel: we may regard it either as one among the many, or as marking a phase in the development of one who was by far the most promising, and is still among the most interesting, of the writers of the younger generation. From the former angle it is an interesting book, and there is little more to be said.

But when we consider it as a novel by Mr. D. H. Lawrence, it becomes a different thing, which interests us differently. The very fact that it is a well-constructed, competently written tale of a girl who breaks away from the sterility of middle-class life in a mining district to form a passionate marriage with an Italian, has another importance; for if we compare "The Lost Girl" with "Sons and Lovers," we remark that the increase of control of a kind is set off by a very obvious loss of imaginative power. Mr. Lawrence is now, as a novelist, commensurable with his contemporaries. "The Lost Girl" is certainly a better novel than most of his coevals could write, but it is largely of the same kind as their novels. "Sons and Lovers" was not; neither was "The Rainbow." In them there were flashes of psychological intuition, passages of darkly beautiful writing, so remarkable that at times they aroused a sense that the latest flowering on the tree of English literature might be one of the most mysterious.

There is not very much mystery about "The Lost Girl." Alvina Houghton springs from the same country as Paul Morel; but it is no longer the country of a miraculous birth. Woodhouse is as real, and real in the same way, as Mr. Bennett's "Five Towns"; there is no garment of magical beauty flung over it, like that which gleamed out of the opening pages of "Sons and Lovers." And in Alvina herself we catch sight of none of the strange potencies that seemed to hover about Paul Morel. We are interested in her; she is perfectly credible; she is even mysterious; but the mystery in her is not that of a revelation of the unknown, but rather of an ignorance in her creator. She is more the idea of a woman than a woman. It is as though Mr. Lawrence had lost some power of immediate contact with human beings that he once possessed; his intuitive knowledge has weakened under the pressure of theory. But whereas the beauties of "The Rainbow" could be held in the mind very separate from the sex-theory which dominated and falsified the book, the texture of "The Lost Girl" is much more closely knit. We can no longer separate the true from the false; the theory impinges on the imaginative reality at every point. We lose our grasp of the central characters just at the moment when it should be firmest. A phrase like "his dark receptivity overwhelmed her" will intrude at a crisis in the love between Alvina and her Italian lover, Cicio; and the effect is as though the writer's (and therefore the reader's) consciousness had suddenly collapsed. The woman and the man are lost in the dark. What we are told of them may be true; or it may be false: we cannot tell with our waking minds. Mr. Lawrence becomes most esoteric when he should be most precise, for nothing is more esoteric than the language of a theory peculiar to oneself—and, we might add, nothing is uglier.

We are not merely bewildered but repelled when Mr. Lawrence writes in this way of the effect of an actor's imitation of another man upon his heroine:

Louis was masterful—he mastered her psyche. She laughed till her head lay helpless on the chair, she could not move. Helpless, inert she lay, in her orgasm of laughter. The end of Mr. May. Yet she was hurt.

And it is always through language as vague as this, if less positively ugly, that we are made to grope for the reality of the emotional crises of Mr. Lawrence's story.

Mr. Lawrence's own grasp of the central theme of his story, of the peculiar attraction which held Alvina and Cicio together, despite an amount of ecstatic hatred that would have sufficed to separate a hundred ordinary lovers for ever, may possibly be profound; but he does not convey it to us. He writes of his characters as though they were animals circling round each other; and on this sub-human plane no human destinies can be decided. Alvina and Cicio become for us like grotesque beasts in an aquarium, shut off from our apprehension by the misted glass of an esoteric language, a quack terminology. Life, as Mr. Lawrence shows it to us, is not worth living; it is mysteriously degraded by a corrupt mysticism. Mr. Lawrence would have us back to the slime from which we rose. His crises are all retrogressions.

In short, we are nonplussed by Mr. Lawrence's fifth novel. For a little while we inclined to explain the obvious loss of creative vigour as a paralysis produced by the suppression of "The Rainbow"; but the cause proved to be inadequate. Mr. Lawrence's decline is in himself. Even in the final chapters which describe how Alvina accompanies Cicio to his home in the Italian mountains, we miss some essential magic from the passion of his descriptive writing. We cannot suppose that it was fear of the censor that stayed his hand here. M.

THE HARE

THE HARE. By Ernest Oldmeadow. (Grant Richards. 9s. net.)

IT would, we suppose, be fantastic to say that Mr. Oldmeadow has not succeeded in realizing a character about which he is prepared to write three long books. The present volume is a sequel to "Coggin," and it is to be followed by another. This argues interest on the author's part, and we cannot imagine that he would describe his young man at this length unless he felt he were endowed with an exceptionally rich and interesting personality. But although Coggin has something to do or say on nearly every page of this work we feel we have missed the clue to him; we watch him, to tell the truth, with a deepening bewilderment. From the first page to the last he is upright, pure-hearted and humble; these qualities are always present, one following on the other with unfailing regularity. They form a kind of frieze round the character of Henry Coggin. It is when we try to discover what lies within this ornamental border that we grow bewildered.

In the first part of the book, besides his three primary qualities, Coggin is a dainty feeder, a splendid swimmer and a patient sufferer under injustice and persecution. In the second part he goes to Germany, becomes a regular attendant at Mass, tells some German students, in very dignified language, that they are neither scholars nor gentlemen, and listens without perceptible impatience to prophetic speeches, on the wickedness of Prussia and the danger preparing for England, which might have been taken from leading articles in the English press of the last five years. We see no connection between the two parts. We are told that Coggin is wandering about Germany to prepare himself for a musical career; he meets Richard Wagner, burns his own opera after hearing "Tristan," a thing anybody might do, but of his inner life we know nothing. In the third part this enigmatic young man baffles us completely. A beautiful young Viennese actress falls in love with him, a fact he does not perceive. Also, he loves her, another fact he does not perceive. The beautiful young actress goes for a walk in the mountains, gets lost, and dies. Coggin discovers her body, kneeling by a rock, a smile on her

face. He is transformed, and the wondering Tyrolean villagers presently see "a youth bearing down upon them with the strides of a demi-god. Bare-headed and with eyes which flashed like an archangel's, he came grandly on. In his embrace they saw a pale maiden, swooning perhaps, with wonderful black hair streaming backward in the breeze." And so, after confessing all the sins of his past life, a record whose simple saintliness made the old priest dumb with emotion, Coggin becomes a Roman Catholic. Why? We do not know. We do not know why the beautiful actress died; we do not even know why she was brought into existence. Coggin has become a mystery. Perhaps we shall find what we seek in the third volume.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE

CREDIT-POWER AND DEMOCRACY: WITH A DRAFT SCHEME FOR THE MINING INDUSTRY. By Major C. H. Douglas. With a Commentary on the included Scheme by A. R. Orage. (Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.)—The worst evil of our present condition, according to Major Douglas, is not inefficient production, but bad distribution. All that we are entitled to ask from the producers is that they should "deliver the goods," and this, as industry is at present constituted, they are able to do. The real evil is that commodities when they are put on the market cannot be bought up by those who produced them, or even by the whole community, however much they may need them. The problem is thus one of distribution, and distribution is a matter of Price. How are prices constituted at present? Out of three elements: wages and salaries, profits, and "overhead charges"; and the difficulty arises, according to Major Douglas, precisely because "overhead charges" are included in Price. Obviously if the sum of prices were equal to the total of wages, salaries, and profits, the one would absorb the other, and there would be no distributive problem at all. But *can* "overhead charges" be left out of Price? This raises the crucial question of Credit. When a manufacturer wishes to produce, let us say, hats, he must first build a factory and set up plant. In order to do this he goes to a bank and obtains credit, on which he is charged interest. The security on which the bank gives him credit is his potential production of hats for an existing market; which, again, depends entirely on the stability of industry guaranteed by the community itself. When the hats appear in the market, however, the producer charges the public not merely for them, but for the factory and plant as well. And it is clear that he *must* do so, for he has to pay back to the bank the credit which he obtained. The control of Credit by the banks is thus at the root of the evil. For, as Major Douglas says, "All credit-values are derived from the community, regarded as a permanent institution"—and the financial machine works in such a way that the fruits of Credit are culled by the banks, and not by the community. How the community may be instated in the enjoyment of the Credit which it has produced is explained with great lucidity in this volume. The author's solution of the problem is revolutionary, and is at the same time practical, not interfering with the present constitution of industry. The Scheme for the Mining Industry is a practical application of the theory, and Mr. Orage's Commentary upon it leaves not a single ambiguity to be explained. The book should be read by all who desire to find a national way of escape from our increasingly desperate condition.

LES PRINCIPES DE DROIT INTERNATIONAL. Par T. J. Lawrence, M.A., LL.D. Traduit par Jacques Dumas et A. de Lapradelle. (Milford. 15s. net.)—**DROIT INTERNATIONAL ET DROIT INTERNE.** Par Heinrich Triepel. Traduit par René Brunet. (Milford. 10s. 6d. net.)—The Carnegie Institute for International Peace has published

these two books in French translations in order to make them generally accessible to educated opinion, and in the further hope that, if the leaders of thought in different countries are enabled to study characteristic books, something will have been done towards creating an atmosphere which will make war more difficult. It is all to the good that works of real importance and merit should be made easily accessible in all countries, and we welcome this French translation of what was perhaps the most important of the works of the late Dr. Lawrence.

Dr. Lawrence was not only a distinguished scholar, but essentially an English scholar; the introduction states truly enough that he was a recognized master of the science of International Law, but it quaintly adds, "although he was by profession a clergyman of the English established Church." The combination is less unusual now than it would have been a hundred years ago, and it is true enough that, as we are told by Dr. Scott, "in fact, his profession acted injuriously on his success in life; influential ecclesiastics were inclined to regard him simply as a lawyer, while some lawyers, equally influential, always looked upon him as an ecclesiastic."

We will confess that we are less confident as to the value of Dr. Triepel's work; it appears to us to have the characteristic which is common enough among German works, and tends seriously to impede the general recognition of their real value—an over-elaboration as to discussions and terminology, and a tendency to put too much into the foreground the theoretical and abstract aspects of the matters with which it deals.

THE GOLDFINCHES. By Sylvia Lynd. (Cobden-Sanderson. 3s. 6d. net.)—These poems are like a small but pleasant garden, where the old yews are clipped into millstones and turrets, and the marl paths are always returning on themselves. A high hedge at the end overhangs a sunk lane, whence we sometimes hear the jingle of the market-day horses or the herdboy's merry though interrupted whistling. About this garden fly and nest the smaller birds, some bright in colour and some in their music. Mrs. Lynd is a quiet and a wise gardener of her poetical retreat, and occasionally in her poems we find (like the intrusion of wild birds) unexpected flashes, and a naturalness—

And in each field there are
Haystacks steady as stone,
Gates to lean upon,
Lambs and rabbits everywhere.

Where—as in the main—she writes with more conscious feeling of the effect, she does not fail to justify herself. The fairy fancies range in her verse so neatly and harmoniously that no one could call her art "too precise in every part." Who could be a Philistine in trim gardens?

THE NATIVES OF THE NORTHERN TERRITORIES OF THE GOLD COAST: THEIR CUSTOMS, RELIGION AND FOLK-LORE. By A. W. Cardinall. (Routledge. 12s. 6d. net.)—This is an interesting survey of the Builsa, Kassena and Nankanni tribes, which one reads with a growing respect for the industry and intelligence of these savages. Some of their customs are certainly wiser than those of civilized peoples; for instance, that which ordains that a woman shall bear a child only once in two years, and that which gives to the weakest warrior the position of chief—so that there may be no disputes among the powerful! The mythology of these tribes is not without profundity; they believe in a "Supreme Being, the creator of life and the moulder of destiny," whose name is Wuni, and who cannot be approached even through prayer. The Earth-Gods, of whom there are a multitude, can alone be harnessed to the service of man, and their intermediary is the tribal sorcerer, without whose advice no enterprise is undertaken. Mr. Cardinall includes a short grammar and a glossary.

DIRECT ACTION. By William Mellor. (Parsons. 4s. 6d. net.)—The problem to be settled by our generation is, according to Mr. Mellor, an economic one, and, being economic, it can only be solved by the conscious manipulation of economic forces. Political power, he asserts, following Marx and the Guild Socialists, is simply the reflection of economic power. What gives the capitalist his control over the lives of his workers is the possession of "property in the means of production"; that control is exercised most unequivocally in industry; therefore in industry the problem must be settled, or, as Mr. Mellor would say, the battle must be fought to a finish. For this end three things are necessary: the Trade Unions must be transformed into Industrial Unions; these must create an organ having central control; and provision must be made for the commissariat of "the future army of Labour." The author virtually ignores all the solutions of the economic problem which are not violent; and the over-emphasis of the style gives one the impression that the book is not only an exposition of Direct Action, but an example of it.

A JACOBAN LETTER-WRITER: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF JOHN CHAMBERLAIN. By Edward Phillips Statham. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d. net.)—Chamberlain, a private gentleman, an observer but not a manipulator of the politics of his time, wrote these letters in the latter days of Queen Elizabeth's rule and during the whole reign of James I. Mr. Statham does not give us the letters in full, but uses them to elucidate pleasantly the story of Chamberlain's life. More interesting than the extracts relating the death of James I. and the disgrace of Bacon are records of bear-baitings, of royal picnics, of duels and poisonings, of ladies "accused of practising upon their husbands with potions"—of the common life generally, which was certainly more bloodthirsty than that of to-day. Chamberlain was, on the whole, too conscientious a gossip, too concerned merely to tell his friends the news, the whole news, and nothing but the news, to convey anything resembling the charm of Pepys. He was a tale-teller from duty and not from love. Nevertheless, his style is sometimes spirited, and he occasionally throws an unexpected light on the history of that time.

JOHN MORLEY, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By George McLean Harper, Professor in Princeton University. (Oxford University Press. 6s. 6d. net.)—The dexterity and taste with which Professor Harper manages his erudition console us for an occasional flamboyancy of expression which we suppose is simply American. It is the only direction in which his tact as a critic is defective. His generalizations are just, and he is not ridden by them; he knows when to generalize and when to forget his generalizations. On Michelangelo's sonnets he is more sound if less subtle than Pater, and he objects with justice to Pater's use in his well-known essay of epithets like "lovely," "sweet" and "comely." His essay on David Brainerd is full of imaginative sympathy, and, while it draws attention to a charming figure, does not yield to the temptation of making him greater than he is.

MORE TALES OF THE RIDINGS. By the late F. W. Moorman. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)—We noticed lately the excellent posthumous collection of "Tales of the Ridings" by Professor Moorman. The companion volume gives seven more tales, of which the two least successful are concerned with the war; these last have not that probability, indeed certainty, which characterizes Moorman's work as a whole. Since William Barnes (and he was first and foremost a poet) no one, perhaps, has succeeded better in simple representation of local manners, speech, and customs than has Moorman in his brief sketches.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

"THE EYE OF ZEITOUN," by Talbot Mundy (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net), shows a great advance on "The Ivory Trail," which we reviewed not long ago. It has more coherence, fewer horrors, and a descriptive quality which at times touches the point of brilliance. We meet again the adventurous Anglo-American quartet, but the conclusion leaves one dead and another married to a charming missionary hailing from Vassar or thereabouts. Asia, not Africa, is the scene of their activities, which ostensibly are directed to discovering a castle situated in some Armenian mountain fastness, and supposed to have been inhabited by "Monty's" Crusading ancestors, but have for actual objective the prevention of Turkish atrocities.

"The House that Jill Built" (Jenkins, 7s. 6d. net) has, like "The Marriage of Elizabeth," a delightful heroine, but Miss Ethel Holdsworth has elected to place her in much more fantastic conditions. Jill is a London clerk who at one and the same time is thrown over by her fiancé, and comes unexpectedly into money. The latter experience to some extent indemnifies her for the former, by enabling her to found a home of rest for tired-out working-class mothers. Her achievements and difficulties in connection with this enterprise contribute the most real element to the story, which ends in true fairy-tale style with an influx of wealth and the arrival of Prince Charming.

The perennial question of the average woman's taste in fiction is raised once more by Charles Garvice's posthumous volume of short stories entitled "Miss Smith's Fortune" (Skeffington, 8s. 6d. net). The gratification of that taste exacts, it would seem, neither conspicuously bad English nor illicit passion, nor even a strong infusion of melodrama. The heroine who is to gain the suffrages of her sex must be respectable in regard both to morals and ability, and her preference is seldom bestowed on an unworthy object. The love-interest must be diversified by some complication, which may be solved without any meticulous attention to probability. After all, the average woman's taste might easily be a great deal worse!

Curtis Yorke is also in her degree a popular writer, but her public, if smaller, is obviously less uncritical. "The Unknown Road" (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d. net) is the story of a young lady who makes her living as a dealer in antique furniture. She is a really nice specimen of the girl who deserves success, and nothing in her adventures strikes us as inherently unlikely except her misunderstandings with the inevitable lover. The conversations are, as usual with this author, much better than in most novels.

In "The Conquering Hero" (Lane, 8s. 6d. net) Mr. John Murray Gibbon has found an original theme, and treated it on a method lacking in finish, but by no means in interest. The principal characters are a Polish princess renowned as a cinema star, and a young Scotch-Canadian farmer, who at off-seasons augments his income by accompanying tourists in the capacity of guide. Only friendship exists between the two, and at the conclusion they pair off, she with a lawyer middle-aged like herself, and he with an agreeably modern Scotch girl. The book suggests an attractive open-air atmosphere, and the freedom of great spaces.

"The Greenway," by Leslie Moore (Sands, 7s. net), is what simple folk style a pretty story, but it has more distinction than is generally implied in that classification. An amiable spinster of thirty-five inherits, to her great joy, an ideal Devonshire cottage, where she makes some interesting acquaintances, and in the fullness of time is matrimonially courted by a wholly satisfactory wooer. In a mild fashion she is a person of culture, and her piety (Roman in type) is unobjectionable except for her habit of describing as a "cross" every disagreeable occurrence.

"Sir Waterloo," by Alfred E. Cary (Selwyn & Blount, 8s. 6d. net), is not in the strict sense a historical novel, but reproduces—with some vividness—certain salient features of the early nineteenth century. The chief interest centres in a curious and complicated story of crime, involving two notable villains, who make a deservedly bad end. Other topics are the introduction of railways, the aftermath of the Evangelical revival, and the beginning of Brighton's popularity. The scenery—more especially the coast scenery—of Sussex is described with a loving touch.

MARGINALIA

TO all those who are interested in the "folk" and their poetry—the contemporary folk of the great cities and their urban muse—I would recommend a little-known journal called *McGlennon's Pantomime Annual*. This periodical makes its appearance at some time in the New Year, when the pantos are slowly withering away under the influence of approaching spring. I take this opportunity of warning my readers to keep a sharp lookout for the coming of the 1921 issue; it is sure to be worth the modest twopence which one is asked to pay for it.

McGlennon's Pantomime Annual is an anthology of the lyrics of the panto season's most popular songs. It is a document of first-class importance. To the future student of our popular literature *McGlennon* will be as precious as the Christie-Miller collection of Elizabethan broadsheets. In the year 2220 a copy of the *Pantomime Annual* may very likely sell for hundreds of pounds at the Sotheby's of the time. With laudable forethought I am preserving my copy of last year's *McGlennon* for the enrichment of my distant posterity.

The Folk Poetry of 1920 may best be classified according to subject-matter. First, by reason of its tender associations as well as its mere amount, is the poetry of Passion. Then there is the Poetry of Filial Devotion. Next, the Poetry of the Home—the dear old earthly Home in Oregon or Kentucky—and, complementary to it, the Poetry of the Spiritual Home in other and happier worlds. Here, as well as in the next section, the popular lyric borrows some of its best effects from hymnology. There follows the Poetry of Recollection and Regret, and the Poetry of Nationality, a type devoted almost exclusively to the praises of Ireland. These types and their variations cover the Folk's serious poetry. Their comic vein is less susceptible to analysis. Drink, Wives, Young Nuts, Honeymoon Couples—these are a few of the stock subjects.

The Amorous Poetry of the Folk, like the love lyrics of more cultured poets, is divided into two species: the Poetry of Spiritual Amour and the more direct and concrete expression of Immediate Desire. *McGlennon* provides plenty of examples of both types:

When love peeps in the window of your heart

[it might be the first line of a Shakespeare sonnet]

You seem to walk on air,
Birds sing their sweet songs to you,
No cloud in your skies of blue,
Sunshine all the happy day, etc.

These rhapsodies tend to become a little tedious. But one feels the warm touch of reality in

I want to snuggle, I want to snuggle,
I know a cosy place for two.
I want to snuggle, I want to snuggle,
I want to feel that love is true.
Take me in your arms as lovers do,
Hold me very tight and kiss me too.
I want to snuggle, I want to snuggle,
I want to snuggle close to you.

This is sound; but it does not come up to the best of the popular lyrics. The agonized passion expressed in the words and music of "You Made Me Love You" is something one does not easily forget, though that great song is as old as the now distant origins of ragtime.

The Poetry of Filial Devotion is almost as extensive as the Poetry of Amour. *McGlennon* teems with such outbursts as this:

You are a wonderful mother, dear old mother of mine.
You'll hold a spot down deep in my heart

Till the stars no longer shine.
Your soul shall live on for ever,
On through the fields of time,
For there'll never be another to me
Like that wonderful mother of mine.

Even Grandmamma gets a share of this devotion:

Granny, my own, I seem to hear you calling me;
Granny, my own, you are my sweetest memory . . .
If up in heaven angels reign supreme,
Among the angels you must be the Queen.
Granny, my own, I miss you more and more.

The last lines are particularly rich. What a fascinating heresy, to hold that the angels reign over their Creator!

The Poetry of Recollection and Regret owes most, both in words and music, to the hymn. *McGlennon* provides a choice example in "Back from the Land of Yesterday":

Back from the land of yesterday,
Back to the friends of yore;
Back through the dark and dreary way
Into the light once more.
Back to the heart that waits for me,
Warmed by the sunshine above;
Back from the old land of yesterday's dreams
To a new land of life and love.

What it means goodness only knows. But one can imagine that, sung to a slow music in three-four time—some rich religious waltz-tune—it would be extremely uplifting and edifying. The decay of regular churchgoing has inevitably led to this invasion of the music-hall by the hymn. People still want to feel the good uplifting emotion, and they feel it with a vengeance when they listen to songs about

the land of beginning again,
Where skies are always blue . . .
Where broken dreams come true.

The great advantage of the music-hall over the church is that the uplifting moments do not last too long.

Finally, there is the great Home motif. "I want to be," these lyrics always begin, "I want to be almost anywhere that is not the place where I happen at the moment to be." M. Louis Estève has called this longing "Le Mal de la Province," which in its turn is closely related to "Le Mal de l'au-delà." It is one of the worst symptoms of romanticism.

Steamer, balançant ta mâture,
Lève l'ancre vers une exotique nature,

exclaims Mallarmé, and the Folk, whom that most exquisite of poets loathed and despised, echo his words in a hundred different keys. There is not a State in America where they don't want to go. In *McGlennon* we find yearnings expressed for California, Ohio, Tennessee, Virginia, and Georgia. Some sigh for Ireland, Devon, and the East. "Egypt! I am calling you; Oh, life is sweet and joys complete when at your feet I lay [sic]." But the Southern States, the East, Devon, and Killarney are not enough. The Mal de l'au-delà succeeds the Mal de la Province. The Folk yearn for extra-mundane worlds. Here, for example, is an expression of nostalgia for a mystical "Kingdom within your Eyes":

Somewhere in somebody's eyes
Is a place just divine,
Bounded by roses that kiss the dew
In those dear eyes that shine.
Somewhere beyond earthly dreams,
Where love's flower never dies,
God made the world, and He gave it to me
In that kingdom within your eyes.

With this consummate example of the poetry and current idealism of the Folk I shall close my paper. Some day I may return to the Folk's less serious lyrics; one cannot mingle hornpipes and funerals on a single page.

AUTOLYCUS.

LITERARY GOSSIP

SOME pertinent aphorisms on the vexed, time-honoured question "What is Poetry?" appear in *The New Cambridge* of November 27. With (1) we agree, once and for ever: "The aim of a poet should be to refrain from writing poetry—except upon extreme provocation." There is the risk, in a too great obedience to this, of a gradual paralysis of the poetic power; but it is a necessary law.

There are in all seventeen points. On most of them poetic mankind will differ violently and for a long period; and in particular this: "The poet would do well to abstain from writing about the 'Pale Himalayas' (which he has probably never seen); he should seek rather—if he be unfortunate enough to live there—to express the beauty of his native town of Wigan." This seems to collide with another which begins, "Many experiences are not worth expressing."

But when poetry has been analysed, the graphs drawn, the findings docketed, it is only the lesser man who derives a benefit. The true poets, who are very few, cannot if they would place life in one compartment and poetry in another. Their reply to the question "What is poetry?" is "I don't know"—and then they go on writing poetry.

In a parody of Southey's "Vision of Judgment," printed in *John Bull* for 1824 or thereabouts, an insinuation is made against Coleridge which we have not met elsewhere:

While to the M[orning] P[ost], brother Coleridge triumphantly pointed,
Whose smiling pages had rescued the bard from the painful dilemma,
Which, when abroad he roam'd, and was studying German at Hamburg,
Prompted his pen to let fly a twenty-pound draft at Sir R——d.
(Vile unpoetical use of that pen so dear to the Muses!)
Vain was the effort, alas! and dishonoured the draft for the twenty.

The same fire-breathing journal was responsible for yet other verses on the poets, in which "Sam Coleridge drinks gin, and keeps prating and preaching," and "the Hunts—a bad spec., as we venture to tell ye, Have published some posthumous trash of Byshe [sic] Shelley." The writer with lynx-like perspicuity had discovered in the last

A good line here and there, in an ocean of drivel,
And a thought, once or twice, sunk in blasphemous snivel.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

A NEW turn has been lent to the term "bibliophile" by a Frenchman who has lately been collecting books at Messrs. Foyle's in Charing Cross Road, without, however, apprising the management. The volumes acquired he has sold to a rival firm, and Messrs. Foyle in due course bought many of them for £42 12s. The bibliophile is now serving six months.

Prices run high in Mr. Frank Hollings' 115th Catalogue, which is full of the aristocracy of literature. Aubrey de Vere's copies of Keats' 1817 and 1820 volumes, with his own "Recollections," are going at £175. Rupert Brooke's "Poems," 1911, is offered for six guineas; and there are sets of Drinkwater, Masfield, and Conan Doyle. It is not quite legitimate to style Monckton Milnes "Friend of Keats."

The names "Birrell & Garnett" on another catalogue should interest many of us. These gentlemen—one the son of Mr. Augustine Birrell, the other of Mr. Edward Garnett—have now fully established themselves among booksellers, at 19, Taviton Street, Gordon Square, W.C.1. They have our good wishes in the enterprise.

There have been varying rumours lately as to the value of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," 1888. A presentation copy with A.L.S. is priced by Messrs. Birrell & Garnett at £30. In the same catalogue (No. 1) first editions of Thomson's "Castle of Indolence" (35s.), Coleridge's "Remorse" (15s.), and the "Revolt of Islam" (£3 3s.), less the half-title, also occur. There is a good selection of foreign books.

Messrs. Murray of Leicester have issued their 78th list, which includes many local books, and a presentation copy of the first edition of "The Christian Year" (£10 10s.). Here, too, is the remarkably handsome, but not over-reliable

quarto, Trollope's "History of Christ's Hospital," published in Pickering's best style in 1834 (12s. 6d.). A large manuscript entitled "Journal of a Four Months' Absence from England in the Summer of 1815, including a Tour in Flanders, Holland and France, and a short residence at Brussels and Paris," is not dear at £5 5s., for it "most graphically describes events before and after the Battle of Waterloo."

Messrs. Sotheby's sale next week, December 20 to 22, makes an appeal to a wide range of interests. Collectors of privately-printed books will find there a large number of presses represented, such as the Ashendene, Caradoc, Doves, Essex House, Elston, Kelmescott, Eragry, Vale, Vincent, and Wayside Presses. Collectors of manuscripts have an opportunity for obtaining a rather rare 15th-century translation of the Bible into French which once belonged to the Carmelites of Montrieul. Bibliographers can make up their sets of the Bibliographical Society's publications and many other books about books, besides obtaining a number of diversified incunabula, none of them of the greatest rarity, but some of them quite unusual in a sale-room. There are a good number of Bibles, manuscript, incunabula, and of the various English versions, while Wesley collectors will find ten lots of Wesley autographs.

The following prices were realized at the sale at Messrs. Sotheby's on November 15-17: J. Barbour, *The Actes and Life of Robert Bruce*, Edinburgh, 1616, £67. Z. Boyd, *The last Battell of the Soule in Death*, 1629, £40. R. Browning, *Pauline*, 1833, £460. G. Borrow, MS. of his translation of St. John's Gospel into the dialect of the Spanish Gipsies £68. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621, £68. Dorat, *Fables Nouvelles*, 1773, £50. Keats, *Poems*, 1817, £250. Lamia, and other Poems, 1820, £90. Sir David Lindsay, *Works*, 1628, £70. Douglas, *The XIII. Bukes of Eneados of Virgil*, translated into Scottish Meter, 1553, £75. Shelley, *The Cenci*, 1819, £80; *Adonais*, 1821, £340. Life and Acts . . . of Sir William Wallace, Edinburgh, 1620, £61. P. Martyr, *The Decades of the Newe Worlde*, 1555, £132. *Sophistarum Libellus ad Usus Oxoniensium*, Richard Pynson, n.d., £84.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

So far without success, the compiler of this column has endeavoured to see a copy of the "Literary Pocket Book," which was published by Leigh Hunt during the years 1819-22. The issue for 1821 is briefly noticed in the *Literary Chronicle and Weekly Review* for December 30, 1820. Some extracts from the account are here given:

From the great number and variety of Pocket Books which are published annually, we should select "The Literary Pocket Book," and we are sure that our literary readers would commend our choice . . . Parts of the prose and also the poetry, strongly resemble the writings of Mr. Leigh Hunt, whom we suspect to be the editor; but . . . whether the production of one hand or many,—we are delighted at every advance we make, from . . . the beginning to the end. Many sweet poems are here inserted, some of which are translations from the Greek; one from Catullus; and one from Tasso. The subject of this is addressed, "To a Laurel upon his Lady's hair," which, for its brevity, we transcribe:—

O glad triumphal bough,
That now adornest conquering chiefs, and now
Clippest the brows of over-ruling kings . . .
To finish all, O gentle and royal tree,
Thou reignest now upon that flourishing head,
At whose triumphal eyes, love and our souls are led.

The "Zenith Moon" would form a fine contrast to Mr. Brahms' [Brahms's?] beautiful poem dedicated to the "Queen of the blue sky" . . . We will only add, that this is the third year of the "Literary Pocket Book," and it has regularly improved.

The *Edinburgh Review* for November, 1820, has a notice of "Poems" by Bernard Barton, in which the critic, declaring at the outset that "a Quaker poet is a natural curiosity," presently remembers that William Penn "amused himself with verses," and that Elwood suggested to Milton the writing of "Paradise Regained." "In later times," continues the reviewer, "we only remember Mr. Scott of AIMWELL as a poetical writer of the Society." The tenor of the article is highly favourable to Barton's compositions. "A Day in Autumn," by the same poet, is shortly reviewed in the *Literary Gazette* dated November 4, 1820. The work, it is remarked, "displays many beauties of a fine order, and is stamped throughout with traits of genius alike remote from extravagance and mediocrity . . . The author," continues the critic, "we consider to be an ornament and honour to the Society of Friends, of which he is a member."

Science

AN IMMORTAL ACHIEVEMENT

SCIENTIFIC PAPERS. By John William Strutt, Baron Rayleigh.—Vol. VI. 1911-1919. (Cambridge University Press. 50s. net.)

THE present volume completes the collection of Lord Rayleigh's scientific papers. The four hundred and forty-six original papers, now published in six large volumes, do not contain the whole of Lord Rayleigh's work, for there still remains the large treatise, in two volumes, on the theory of Sound. Most of the original work in that treatise is, however, comprised in these collected papers. Of these four hundred and forty-six papers a few are merely notes of a page or less in length; on the other hand, some are practically complete treatises, such, for instance, as the immense paper on the Wave Theory of Light. If one were to try to give a popular idea of Lord Rayleigh's "output," to enable the ordinary reader to realize the immense fertility to which these six volumes bear witness, it would not be sufficient to compare them with the collected works of, say, a prolific novelist. It must be remembered that practically all of these papers are written in a very condensed language and that none of them are "pot-boilers." It would be fairer to compare them with six immense volumes containing thoroughly good poetry and, occasionally, a masterpiece.

Given a fairly long life, quantity as well as quality is expected of a very big man in the arts, and the same is true in the sciences. Rayleigh's work satisfies both criteria; he is one of the full-orbed luminaries, and takes his place with Kelvin and Stokes. It is perhaps a mere trick of perspective, an inability to enter thoroughly into the scientific atmosphere of their young days, that these men seem to us now to have been wonderfully able consolidators, men of immense learning and infinite technical skill who built on certain definite, unquestioned assumptions—in a word, conservatives. This is not to say that they did not welcome the newest discoveries of their time, particularly when they were young men; but it does seem that Kelvin and Rayleigh, at any rate, felt little need to question certain assumptions which men of a different kind of originality and profundity questioned with great success. Kelvin was never, for instance, quite comfortable with the new conceptions introduced by electromagnetic theory, and Rayleigh's attitude to quantum theory and relativity shows the same hesitancy, the same instinctive resistance.

Partly, no doubt, this conservatism is a result merely of age; a man who has spent forty to fifty years working successfully within a certain set of assumptions is very apt indeed to regard those assumptions as necessary truths and to resent any effort to give them a more provisional status. But partly, also, it is the result of lacking the very highest type of imagination. If we compare Kelvin and Rayleigh, not only with Maxwell and Einstein, but with Henri Poincaré, we see the kind of difference that is involved. Here is no question of mere age, of mere familiarity with a certain class of ideas. Poincaré was at least as deeply versed in and as habituated to "orthodox" ideas as either Kelvin or Rayleigh, and yet he exhibited, until the day of his death, a penetrating insight into every new method of attack, however revolutionary, whether it were quantum theory, relativity or, at the other extreme, mathematical logic. To make this distinction is not unnecessary to a just picture of Rayleigh, and it is only by likening him to other giants that we can grasp his outline. It was chiefly Stokes, Kelvin and Rayleigh who built up the traditional school of British mathematical physicists, a school with definite characteristics of its own, less formally logical and abstract

than the French school and less "philosophical" than the German.

The personal quality in Rayleigh's work—the quality, that is, independent of its national or "school" characteristics—is its elegance. He is often difficult to read, but usually the difficulty is inherent in the subject; this is not always the case, and indeed a characteristic letter from Lord Kelvin, included in this volume, refers to part of one of Rayleigh's papers as "infinitely difficult," which is, we suppose, the mathematical euphuism for incomprehensible. But, in general, Rayleigh's presentation of his argument is lucid and orderly, and his remarks on other investigators, even when they contradict him, are never less than urbane. The ordinary reader with any curiosity in these matters will find these qualities admirably exemplified in the two non-technical papers in the present volume, one a Royal Institution lecture on Fluid Motions and the other his Presidential address to the Psychical Research Society. The second lecture, in particular, is an exquisite example of "suspended judgment," and should do more, we think, than any other recent utterance to convey to the reader the true scientific attitude towards the evidence for Spiritualism.

In surveying this record of a life's work, as embodied in these six volumes, we cannot help reflecting on the sense in which a scientific man's work is his personal achievement. We have already likened these volumes to six volumes of poetry, but we were immediately conscious that the analogy can be pursued but a very little way. To Rayleigh, it may be, the impulses and satisfactions which resulted in these volumes were not very dissimilar from those of a poet, but it seems sufficiently clear that to the world in general the analogy between the results would seem strained. It is conceivable, for instance, that some of Rayleigh's papers may come to have a purely historic value, their results being completely incorporated in other, more far-reaching theories. In that case we imagine that but few men would read them for their charm alone. Yet, even here, the analogy does not completely fail. Fourier's treatise on heat has been frequently referred to as a "mathematical poem," and has often been read even when its contents are perfectly familiar. But, in general, it is true that a scientific work suffers what Huxley called the "euthanasia of a scientific book" by becoming incorporated in the rubble of a new foundation. In this sense, then, these volumes are a less enduring personal achievement than, say, the poems of Shelley. But they have a corresponding advantage. Shelley may, conceivably, turn out not to be an immortal, and then Shelley's work will die. Authentic scientific work cannot die in this sense. It can only die when science itself dies. If men did not read Shelley there would be nothing alive of him but his "influence." When men cease to read Rayleigh it will be because they are completely familiar with his work, although not, most probably, in the form in which he left it.

S.

BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLIES OF THE TROPICS. Painted and illustrated by Arthur Twiddle. (R.T.S. 12s. net.)—The coloured plates in this book of some of the most striking of exotic butterflies and moths are enough to inflame any boy who dreams only of a Purple Emperor. The Morpho of the tropical forests of America is, perhaps, the most lovely of living creatures, and a coloured plate cannot be expected to represent what, when alive and in its own place, seems to be a fragment of light intensely blue flickering through the shade of the jungle; but Mr. Twiddle's pictures of the more vivid of the lepidoptera of the tropics are generally excellent. We hope, however, young entomologists will not be moved by them to follow the artist's instructions as to the collecting and preserving

of these splendid insects. The commercial collectors are, perhaps, doing all the harm the species will stand. Instead of collecting them for cabinets, would it not be as well if something were learned of their life-histories? And how much there is to learn! Of some of these butterflies and moths, though they figure prominently in museums, so little is known that only the male forms have been discovered.

SOCIETIES

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—Nov. 25.—Col. Lyons, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. Ralph Griffin read a paper on the heraldry in the Chichele or south porch of Canterbury Cathedral. The porch, which was built by Archbishop Chichele about 1422, contains on its vault shields of the arms of the King, and of many of the noble families connected by marriage with the Fair Maid of Kent, wife of the Black Prince. The shields would appear to be by three different hands, and may be compared with the somewhat earlier series in the vault of the cloister. Mr. Griffin also exhibited slides of some other shields and bosses in the cathedral, including those in the Warrior Chapel, and three shields of stained glass, one with the arms of Archbishop Courtenay.

Dec. 2.—Sir Hercules Read, President, in the chair.

Two Irish gold lunule or lunettes were exhibited, one by the Drapers' Company, found on their estates in the North of Ireland, and the other by the Royal Institution of Cornwall, found many years ago at St. Juliot, near Boscastle, and recently acquired for the Truro Museum.

Mr. Dudley Buxton read a paper on "Excavations in the Romano-British and Anglo-Saxon cemetery at Frilford, Berkshire." In the spring of 1920 an Oxford undergraduate society, anxious to do some practical archaeology, asked the writer to find a site and to direct the excavations. It was decided to continue Rolleston's old site at Frilford (Berks). Two types of graves were opened up. The first and more numerous were Romano-British. They lay at a depth of 32 inches on an average from the surface, and were carefully cut in oolitic stone. The graves contained well-preserved skeletons, coffin nails and a few, or often no, sherds, and in one case a coin was actually found in the mouth. The whole of the cemetery was not excavated, and there still remain many graves to be explored. Saxon graves were found close to, but distinct from, the Romano-British graves in another part of the cemetery; only female insignia were found in the graves. One of the Saxon graves contained only animal bones, including a pig's skull, and no trace of a human body, and it is suggested that the animal bones are the remains of a wake held in honour of a missing dead warrior. These graves were very scattered, and lay just below the surface of the ploughed field, and were, therefore, very badly preserved. One small but empty cist was found in the neighbourhood of the Saxon cemetery. The classes of graves differ to some extent from those found by Rolleston, and evidence of disturbed graves suggests that the Romano-British part of the site was used for a considerable period. Traces of occupation pits, and a few Roman objects, including a spoon and a late fibula, were also found.

Although the finds of archaeological interest were few, the main purposes of the excavation, which were to obtain skeleton material for the study of the Romano-British people, and also to give instruction in practical methods of archaeology, were on the whole attained.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 17. King's College, 4.—"Byzantine and Romanesque Art," Prof. P. Dearmer.
Institution of Mechanical Engineers, 6.—"Thermodynamic Cycles in relation to the Design and Future Development of Internal-Combustion Motors," Dr. W. J. Walker.
Society of Arts, 8.—"The Breeding of Sheep, Llamas and Alpacas in Peru," Col. R. J. Sturdy.
- Sat. 18. French Institute (Cromwell Gardens, Kensington), 3.—"Rameau," M. L. Bourgeois.
- Mon. 20. Bibliographical, 5.—"Anthony Munday and his Books," Miss M. St. Clare Byrne.
Aristotelian, 8.—First Discussion on Prof. Alexander's "Space, Time and Deity."
Royal Society of Arts, 8.—"Micro-Organisms and some of their Industrial Uses," Lecture III., Mr. A. C. Chapman. (Cantor Lecture.)
Royal Geographical, 8.30.—"The Future of Polar Research," Mr. F. Debenham.
- Tues. 21. Royal Colonial Institute, 4.—"The Revival of the West Indies," Sir Edward Davson.

Fine Arts

GOLDEN POTTERY OF SPAIN

LUSTRE POTTERY. By Lady Evans, M.A. (Methuen. 52s. 6d. net.)

SPANISH art with us is just now in the limelight. The exhibition of old Spanish masters at Burlington House has been followed up by an excellent omnium gatherum of the Spanish arts at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Such a moment was auspicious for the issue of a book dealing chiefly with the *obra dorada* of the Spanish-Moorish potters; and this is essentially true of Lady Evans' "Lustre Pottery," of which three-quarters is devoted to the lustre ware of Spain. The remaining pages of the book may be regarded as prologue and epilogue.

The feature of lustre pottery, which explains its treatment as a thing apart, is the use of a thin film of metal deposited on the surface of the glaze, producing when finished a gay decoration in golden or golden-brown lustre which is often variegated by ruby-red or pearly iridescence. This is the typical lustre of the Italian, Spanish and Near-Eastern faience. There are other kinds, it is true, but they are of less interest and beauty.

Excavations in a suburb of Cordova prove that this lustre process was used in Spain as early as the end of the tenth century; and there can be little doubt that it was introduced from the East, perhaps by Coptic workmen imported from Egypt by the Moors. The ultimate source of the art is certainly in the Near East, and Fostat has long been thought to have been its cradle. It may still prove so; but the work recently published by Maurice Pézard on the ancient pottery of Islam claims for some of his Persian specimens a seniority of two centuries over any date hitherto suggested for the lustre of Egypt. But these claims have yet to be scrutinized, and it cannot be said that the story of the beautiful Eastern lustre is as yet complete. It is inevitably involved in the general history of Persian and Egyptian pottery which still remains to be written. In Spain, on the other hand, the story of the lustre pottery is clear cut. Its introduction under the Moorish domination, its brilliant development in the fifteenth century and its rapid decadence after the expulsion of the Moors have been definitely established by writers such as de Osma and Van de Put. It is a beautiful and resplendent ware, this Hispano-Mauresque lustre pottery, and of very high decorative value. The lustre pigment is applied with the painter's brush on a ground of creamy tin-enamel, and it either holds the field by itself or is supported by touches of pale turquoise blue or deep ultramarine.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Valencia was evidently the centre of the industry; and though Moorish domination had ceased in this locality, the names of the potters which have been recorded show that the art was still mainly in Moorish hands. Moorish designs prevail on the earlier wares—confronted animal forms, the "tree of life," formalized Arabic inscriptions or alafia, all of which appear on the celebrated Alhambra vase. The subsidiary scrollwork and filling patterns, too, have a pronounced Eastern flavour; and though European influences were felt as time went on, the ware never lost its inherent Moorish character even in the decadent period of the seventeenth century. Nor has its manufacture ever completely disappeared; for we hear of potteries working spasmodically in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and forming a link between the glorious past and the tentative revival in modern times.

Lady Evans' book illustrates many notable specimens of the ware. Vase forms are few. The splendid Alhambra vase (fig. 30) with its tall, graceful shape and wing handles is a fifteenth-century type of which a few examples still

survive. A more familiar form is the albarello or pharmacy jar. Tiles are a common vehicle for the lustre decoration; but the type best known to us—and our Museums are fortunately well supplied with it—is the large dish which served both as salver and wall decoration. Its form is borrowed from contemporary metal-work, and it is generally provided with a hole in the base or rim for a suspending cord. On these noble dishes, which measure 15 to 20 inches across, the lustre painter lavished all the wealth of his art. Many of them are emblazoned with armorial devices and shields, enclosed by beautiful foliage-scrolls and formal patterns; and incidentally this display of heraldry has enabled us to trace the chronology of the ware with great exactitude and to associate the various patterns with well-defined periods.

Lady Evans' book, if it does not contain much original matter, has been compiled with diligent care. Painstaking research in the literature of several languages has provided all the material required for her story; and the references conscientiously set out in footnotes would alone make the work valuable to the student. The illustrations are well chosen and representative, if their size (doubtless dictated by economy of plates) is sometimes misleadingly small. This is especially felt when the dimensions of the originals are not given. The opening chapter, dealing with the lustre of Egypt and Persia, is a fairly complete précis of the literature of the subject up to date; and the lack of coherent narrative in this section must be attributed to inadequacy of the available material. The space allotted to European lustre other than Spanish allows very short measure to the important lustred maiolica of Italy, which stands so high in the general esteem. But it is evident that Lady Evans' affections are centred on the art of the Peninsula, and her book will be specially welcomed by the many admirers of the golden pottery of Spain.

R. L. H.

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

BRITISH MUSEUM.—Exhibition of Japanese Colour-Prints.

BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.—Old Masters and British Furniture of the Chippendale Period.

BROMHEAD, CUTTS & CO., 18, CORK STREET, W.—Etchings by Bertram Buchanan.

THE art of the Japanese colour-print, or more properly the Ukiyo-yé (the art inspired by the passing scene of daily life), from which it flowered voluminously, was the result of political conditions which have had no counterpart in other civilizations. It was a popular art, entirely dissociated from aristocratic culture, and it only came to be esteemed in Japan when its beauties were discovered by European art-lovers fifty years ago. The earliest Japanese woodcuts were made in the middle of the 17th century, but these were coloured by hand, and the real art of colour-printing did not begin till the 18th century. The present exhibition at the British Museum consists of examples chosen to give a general survey of Japanese woodcuts up to the time of Hiroshige; it is to be followed in subsequent winters by collections illustrating particular periods in turn. It is impossible to account for the immense popularity of these colour-prints in Japan except on the assumption that its people were peculiarly susceptible to beauty, but the artists were prolific and the prints were cheap, and the subjects which they illustrated were drawn from the ordinary domestic life and amusements of the people. Hokusai was the first to bring landscape within the realm of Ukiyo-yé; before his time the artists confined themselves to depicting the life of the home, the theatre, and the Yoshiwara or courtesan quarter of Tokio. The only parallel in England to a popular art of this kind—and it is so different that the comparison seems far-fetched—is to be found in the vogue of sporting and political prints, in the nearly defunct valentine, and in the even more commercially-degraded Christmas card. Some of the most delightful of the Japanese colour-prints, known as Surimono, were, in fact, greeting-cards for the New Year. Throughout its development the art of wood-cutting in Japan was one of

extraordinary delicacy and technical refinement. It was, until the advent of Hokusai, entirely an art of line and colour, and even in the landscapes of Hokusai and Hiroshige differences of tone are only introduced to give gradation of colour; never to give effects of relief or of perspective as in Western art. The Japanese wood-cutters were masters of a fine and subtle quality of line which has never been approached by European wood-cutters or wood-engravers, whose practice has artistic virtues of an entirely different kind. To the Western mind the Japanese colour-print is an entrancing exotic which the genius of Whistler strove to acclimatize in another medium, but Whistler in his translations of Hiroshige imitated him superficially in a manner which completely falsified the essential character which informs Japanese art.

Mr. Binyon's fine taste and expert knowledge have combined to make this exhibition an illuminating introduction to the school, which can be studied in characteristic examples from its earliest beginnings to its culmination. The interest of the early masters is in the vitality of their line and in their subtle feeling for the relationship which the figures depicted bear to one another and to the space which they occupy on the paper; and this interest, which gathers strength as the school develops, is supplemented from the time of Shunsho onwards by an increasing vitality in the rendering of scenes of common life. Kyonaga and Utamaro in their compositions of young women bathing have found a recent echo in the drawings of Mr. Charles Shannon—a curious instance, this, of an art founded on observation of life inspiring a painter whose practice is founded on observation of art. The lesser men were not guiltless of a certain degree of insipidity in their idealization of types of women and actors, and Sharaku so offended the taste of his time by the penetrating realism of his portraits of favourite actors that he retired after two years; magnificent examples of his work are included. Utamaro, Hokusai, and Hiroshige are represented by masterpieces which are a joy to behold.

The exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club can only be visited by invitation, but lovers of painting should secure one at all costs, if only to see a wonderful Piero di Cosimo which has been lent by H.H. Prince Paul of Serbia. The subject is mythological; animals, some with human faces, are seen escaping from a burning wood in the background; the catalogue suggests a connection with the myth of Circe. Brueghel, had only his sense of beauty been equal to his sense of the grotesque, might have painted such a picture. The room also contains a "Hercules and Antæus" by Lucas Cranach, a fine landscape by Gainsborough, a tiny panel, "St. George and the Dragon," by Hubert van Eyck, a Murillo, a Reynolds, a Raeburn, an Albert Cuy, and two Rembrandts, to mention only a few of the attractions, and leaving out of account an interesting collection of furniture of the Chippendale period.

Mr. Bertram Buchanan's exhibition is his first, though the catalogue informs us that he has been etching for twenty years. His work expresses an individual point of view. "The Weald of Sussex" and "Southdowns from Firle" are admirable plates which will be a pleasant surprise to collectors.

O. R. D.

A VALUABLE little manual, "How to Observe in Archaeology," has been issued by the British Museum, "intended primarily for the use of travellers in the Near and Middle East who are interested in antiquities without being already trained archaeologists." The hints to buyers are most useful, though "Seem entirely unconcerned" needs more than good-will to obey. "It is best to carry money in a little bag or screw of paper, loose in the jacket pocket, if in a risky district. It can then be dropped on any alarm and picked up afterwards." It is a thrilling as well as an authoritative handbook.

THE Cambridge Greek Play Committee have selected the "Oresteia" of Æschylus ("Agamemnon," "Choephori" and "Eumenides") for performance in March next. The dramatic arrangements are in the hands of Mr. J. T. Sheppard, of King's College, and incidental music has been specially composed for it by Mr. E. Armstrong Gibbs. An acting edition of the Greek text of the trilogy as arranged for the performance, with an entirely new English verse translation by Mr. R. C. Trevelyan, will shortly be published by Messrs. Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge, at 5s. net.

Music

LETTERS FROM GERMANY

III.—THE RETURN OF BUSONI.*

BUSONI came back to Berlin in October. Before the war Berlin had been his permanent home for a good many years; during the war he lived for the most part at Zürich. He gave two recitals in November, playing much the same programmes as recently in London. In old days he used always to play in the Beethoven-Saal; on this occasion he was persuaded to take the great hall of the Philharmonic. It was filled to overflowing, and he was greeted with such demonstrations of enthusiasm as that room had seldom seen. Formerly he had had his own following, a limited circle of select admirers; last month's recitals left no doubt that Berlin welcomes him with open arms. He has been appointed to teach composition at the Hochschule für Musik, but has not yet entered upon his duties there. It is a definite recognition of his eminence as a composer. His two short operas "Turandot" and "Arlecchino," recently produced at Zürich, are to be given at the State Opera in the spring.

Six years' absence has made him almost a stranger in Berlin, and there were many young musicians at those recitals who heard him for the first time. A change has taken place both in his audience and in himself. Six years ago he was discussed rather than acknowledged, even as a pianist. As a composer he was hardly recognized outside his own circle. To-day he is as a pianist beyond discussion. He has passed, one may say, into his third period. The world accepts him and sits at his feet; but it is probable that his appearances at the pianoforte will in the future take place at even rarer intervals. He has yet to win definite acknowledgment as a conductor and as a composer; and it is with these aspects of music that he is now chiefly preoccupied. It is interesting to listen to the judgments of the younger generation to whom he is new. "I had always hoped to become one of his pupils," said a young musician to me, "but after hearing those recitals I have changed my mind. He is a dangerous example. It is not Bach, Beethoven or Weber that he plays, it is always Busoni. Busoni can express his own personality in this way, because he is great enough to carry conviction; but those who study under him run the risk of becoming nothing more than feeble imitators of his peculiarities. We young players have no right to force our own personalities upon the classics; we must be absolutely impersonal, we must forget ourselves and not seek to be more than interpreters." These young people feel quite rightly that they can learn more from Busoni the musician than from Busoni the pianist; yet their admiration for him as a pianist is to some extent tempered with fear. The North German spirit has always concentrated its attention more on what I should perhaps call the scholarly aspect of pianoforte-playing than on its direct sensuous appeal as a moment of ravishing experience. Such ascetic austerity is indeed honourable as a protest against both the ostentation of the mere *virtuoso* and the flabbiness of sentimental romanticism. But it is just because Busoni is the most serenely intellectual of pianists that he can permit himself that sensuous exuberance of sheer beauty of tone which so many of his hearers feel instinctively to be dangerous because it is so overwhelming as to threaten their own less stable serenity.

As a teacher of composition Busoni, whether he is an efficient pedagogue or not, cannot fail to be a most valuable influence on the younger school of German composers. He has German blood enough to be able to understand the German spirit of romanticism, while his penetrating

Italian intelligence makes him always a severe and illuminating critic of it. His own music is often difficult enough to understand, but even at a first hearing one can always perceive that it aims persistently at clearness. Clearness is a quality which has never been characteristic of the German mind; such men as Mozart and Goethe are the rare exceptions of genius. The reaction against the classicism of Brahms has exaggerated the confusion of contemporary German music. The leaders of the present day, in their passion for the unrestrained expression of emotion, in their uncertainty whether to keep the old language of German music or to adopt all or any of the new idioms from abroad, have to a large extent lost almost all sense of form and style, and with the loss of form and style they have naturally lost their own individuality. It is only in rare cases that phrases or devices stand out which definitely and unmistakably proclaim their composer. About almost all the music of the men who are now in middle age there is a strange want of personality. It arises not from lack of either poetic impulse or technical skill; what is deficient is the sense of self-criticism, the intellectual judgment that eliminates everything unnecessary. These qualities, and the architect's power of building up logical and well-balanced constructions, Busoni possesses in the highest degree, and fortunately the younger men seem well disposed to endeavour to learn all they can from him.

The work upon which Busoni is at present mainly engaged is the composition of his opera "Doktor Faust," two excerpts from which were played some months ago under his direction in London. The drama has already appeared in book-form (Potsdam, Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag). It need hardly be said that it challenges neither Gounod nor Goethe. Busoni has recognized that the Faust legend goes back to older and deeper origins than the original puppet-play of Doctor Faustus or even the story of the actual Doctor Faustus himself. He prefaces the opera with a prologue in verse, to be spoken before the curtain after a musical prelude symbolizing Easter Eve and the budding of Spring, and in this prologue he sets forth the motive which guided him in its composition. From earliest childhood, he says, he was haunted by a play in which the Devil appeared, and from this seed the opera of "Doktor Faust" has gradually developed and ripened. He goes on to summarize his theory of drama and music:

Die Bühne zeigt vom Leben die Gebärde,
Unechtheit steht auf ihrer Stirn geprägt;
auf dass sie nicht zum Spiegel-Zerrbild werde,
als Zauberspiegel wirk' sie schön und echt;
gebt zu, dass sie das Wahre nur entwerfe,
dem Unglaublichen wird sie erst gerecht;
und wenn ihr sie, als Wirklichkeit, belachtet,
zwingt sie zum Ernst, als reines Spiel betrachtet.

In dieser Form allein ruft sie nach Tönen,
Musik steht dem Gemeinen abgewandt;
ihr Körper ist die Luft, ihr Klingen Sehnen,
sie schwebt . . . Das Wunder ist ihr Heimatland.
Drum hielt ich Umschau unter allen jenen,
die mit dem Wunder wirkten, Hand in Hand;
Ob gut, ob böse, ob verdammt, ob selig,
sie ziehn mich an mit Macht unwiderstehlich.

The stage is a mirror: but if it is not to be a distorting mirror, it must be a magic mirror. And to the world of magic it is music which opens the door. Busoni's view of the theatre is in fact that of Shakespeare, Dryden and Purcell, for all of whom music distinguishes the unearthly from the earthly. So he considers the three great heroes of legend who have come into closest contact with the unearthly—Merlin, Don Giovanni and Faust, and it is to the puppet-play of Faust that he finally turns for his inspiration.

The opera begins. Faust, Rector Magnificus of Witten-

* Letter II. was printed in THE ATHENÆUM for November 19 and 26.

berg, is in his study. Wagner announces three students from Cracow. Cracow—

O mein altes, mein teures Krakau! Eure Gestalten rufen die Jugend mir zurück. Träume, Pläne! Wieviel hab ich gehofft! They bring him a book—"Clavis Astartis Magica"; they will take nothing for it; he shall reward them—some day. They go. Night falls, and at midnight Faust calls up the spirits, the seventh of whom is Mephistopheles. This Faust is intellectual rather than sensual; the episode with Gretchen is already over and forgotten—

mache mich frei,

Gib mir Genie
und gib mir auch sein Leiden.

Mephistopheles drives his bargain. Faust's creditors are at the door; Gretchen's brother has not forgotten; the priests are on his track for sorcery; the stake awaits him. Faust hesitates; the law knocks at the door. He gives in, and Mephistopheles executes for him his first murder. He signs the contract as the dawn breaks and the people outside sing "Gloria in excelsis."

On this double prologue follows an *intermezzo*. The scene is a cathedral. Valentine in armour kneels before an altar, and prays to the God of battle and vengeance that he may find his sister's seducer. Faust and Mephistopheles are watching at the door. If the soldier turns and sees Faust, one or the other must die. Mephistopheles takes the appearance of a monk and kneels by Valentine's side; has the soldier not something to confess before his hour comes? Yet Valentine seems to know him for a devil. An officer and other soldiers enter, attack and slay Valentine on some old score; the monk Mephistopheles gives them his grotesque blessing, then looks at Faust, points to the corpse and adds up his account. The curtain falls.

Now begins the real play. To the Court of the Duke of Parma on his wedding day Mephistopheles, as a herald, introduces the wonder-working magician Doctor Faust. Invited to exhibit his art, he turns day into night and shows the spectators three visions: First, Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, then Samson and Delilah, lastly Salome, John the Baptist and the executioner with drawn sword. Each pair of lovers seems to bear the features of Faust himself and the Duchess; the executioner resembles the Duke.

Faust: Upon Salome's signal falls the sword.

Duchess: No, no, he must not die!

Faust: Then you love me.

The Duke is suspicious, but thanks Faust politely and leads the Duchess in to the feast. Mephistopheles warns Faust to make his escape; but he will not go alone. The stage is empty for a moment; then the Duchess makes wildly across in pursuit of Faust. It is daylight again all of a sudden, and Mephistopheles, as a court chaplain, breaks it gently to the Duke that his consort has eloped, and suggests that as they went off into the air on fiery horses, it would be better to say nothing about it and look for another wife. The Duke of Ferrara is planning an attack upon Parma; why not marry his sister and prevent it?

Duke: 'Twas Heaven sent this thought to you.

Meph.: Why yes, most probably.

The scene changes to Wittenberg. In a tavern students are discussing, with more or less frivolity, the Platonic theory of ideas. They turn to Faust for his opinion. "Nothing has ever been proved and nothing ever can be proved," he says. These words are the underlying theme of the drama. Busoni wrote them himself on the title-page of the rough proofs which he gave to me in London—*Niente è provato e niente è provabile*. Faust begins to speak of Dr. Martin Luther, but is interrupted by a general quarrel between Protestant and Catholic students, which

settles down into agreement again, in German and Latin, on the merits of wine, women, and song. It brings back to Faust's memory the adventure with the Duchess of Parma, and he is in the middle of telling the story when Mephistopheles, as a dust-bespattered courier, enters. The Duchess is dead and buried, he says, and sends to Faust as a remembrance the dead body of a new-born child, which he throws at Faust's feet. The students fall upon the courier. Why take it so tragically? he asks; it is only a bundle of straw! He sets fire to it. Faust shall possess something finer than the Duchess. The students withdraw in terror. In the column of smoke appears Helen; Faust pursues her in a sort of slow dance until, just as he thinks to seize her, she vanishes. There is a pause, and at last Faust says to himself:

Der Mensch ist dem Volkommenen nicht gewachsen.

Er strebe denn nach seinem eignen Masse
und streue Gutes aus, wie's ihm gegeben.

But in the background stand three black figures—the students from Cracow. They ask for the book, but Faust has destroyed it. They warn him that at midnight his hour will come. "The hour of my perfection," he answers, and points them to the door. They disappear.

The last scene represents a street in Wittenberg, with an entrance to the cathedral and a great crucifix on the wall. Wagner, who has now become Rector Magnificus in succession to Faust, enters, congratulated by students on his opening address. Faust? Ah, well, he was more a seer of visions than a man of sound learning, and in private life—God help us! And so good-night, gentlemen. The watchman passes, and the students run off, singing in chorus. Faust enters and looks at the house that once was his own. A beggar-woman is sitting on the doorstep; he will give her his last coin, in the hope that a good deed may bring healing to his soul. She rises—it is the Duchess—and holds out to him her child. He takes it and she disappears. He turns to the cathedral door to go in and pray. Valentine, in armour, stands before him and bars the way with drawn sword. But Faust is still master over the spirits of evil, and the ghost vanishes. Faust kneels before the crucifix, but can find no words in which to pray. The watchman comes up behind him. Faust raises his head, and, by the light of the watchman's lantern, sees, instead of the crucifix, the form of Helen. Is there no grace?

But Faust rises to his feet; he feels new strength, and is now *jenseits von Gut und Böse*:

So sei das Werk vollendet,
euch zum Trotze
euch Allen,
die ihr euch gut preist,
die wir nennen böse,
die ihr,

um eurer alten Zwistigkeiten willen
Menschen nehmet zum Vorwand
und auf sie ladet
die Folgen eures Zankes.

An dieser hohen Einsicht meiner Reife
bricht sich nun eure Bosheit,
und in der mir errungenen Freiheit
erlischt Gott und Teufel zugleich.

He lays the body of the child on the ground, covers it with his cloak, draws a magic circle around it, and stands in the middle. The child shall continue his existence, shall fulfil what he has left undone; thus Faust survives for ever—Faust, the eternal will. He falls dead; the watchman proclaims midnight. A naked youth rises from the ground with a budding branch in his hand, strides quickly over the snow into the night. The watchman—it is Mephistopheles—holds his lantern out over the body of Faust—has this man met with an accident? He hoists the corpse on to his shoulder, and slowly carries it away.

EDWARD J. DENT.

"DAVID GARRICK" AT COVENT GARDEN

THE production of "David Garrick" by the Royal Carl Rosa Company seems to us, on the whole, a waste of time. Evident pains have been taken with rehearsal; principals and chorus alike did themselves credit, whilst the orchestral playing was decidedly better than it had been at the last performance we attended. But we cannot persuade ourselves that the opera itself is worth a tenth of the trouble expended on it. There is nothing in the story to call for musical treatment; it is one of those sentimental affairs which the British public is always ready to welcome, and its success was ensured by the opportunity it gave to one of our most popular actors to simulate inebriation. Mr. Somerville, as far as we can make out, has adhered closely to the words of the original, and the best we can say of him is that he has reproduced the accentuation of those words very faithfully. They are just as effective with music as they would be without. The music does no harm; but it is so nondescript and void of character that it might as well not be there. It reminds one of those composite photographs in which one likeness after another is superimposed upon the one before until the final result shows you the features and lineaments of all the sitters blended together in a single indeterminate physiognomy.

Innocent enough, no doubt; it seems a shame to censure anything so guiltless of offence. But when we think of the amount of imaginative work that still waits to find a producer, it makes us feel rather angry.

R. O. M.

"TRISTAN" AT THE OLD VIC

In the old days, when it was still possible for Englishmen of small means to pass several weeks of the year at Munich, one of them was heard to remark that he would like to see "Tristan" performed as if it had been written by Bach. He muddled his tenses in saying it. Everyone looked very glum, and at last one of them remarked that of course "Tristan" wasn't written by Bach at all, but by Richard Wagner. The performance he had in mind must have been one like those which were given at the Old Vic on Thursday and Saturday, December 9 and 11, and to be repeated on the 16th and 18th. There is no "specially augmented orchestra"; Mr. Corri has not done anything so idiotic. He employs practically the same band as he has for the "Magic Flute"; but as they are all good players, the result is what Sr. de Falla would call an "orquestilla"—that is, a collection of soloists playing as a chamber orchestra. The cleverness with which the score has been reduced is almost diabolical; no one, however well he knew it, could fail to be interested or to know more about it afterwards. Now and again it certainly sounded rather queer; but in most places Mr. Corri and his devoted band of twenty players really succeeded in getting the colour and force of the original. The reduction of Wagner is a thing which was bound to come, for economic reasons; the Old Vic has merely led the way. The same methods will have to be applied to the "Meistersinger." Here, however, the question of cuts will come in; for "Meistersinger" will have to be considerably shortened.

There were no drastic cuts in "Tristan." No one has had the courage to dispense with King Mark's remonstrances, nor perhaps is it possible to find a King Mark who would agree to leave them out. Another noticeable thing about the performance was the charming and musicianly Isolde of Miss Gabrielle Vallings. (At the Saturday performance the part was taken by Miss Gladys van der Beeck; but we were not able to go.) There was not a moment's doubt which was the princess and which the maid. Both Miss Vallings and Miss Irene Ainsley (Brangäne) should try to exaggerate the distinctness of their words; they were not very audible in the pit and the back of the circle. Kurvenal (Mr. S. Harrison) and Melot (Mr. Sumner Austin) were naturally more intelligible; Kurvenal's music sounded more like Parry than ever. Mr. David Derwood's King Mark is hardly up to Old Vic standards. The performance is on the whole so good, and so interesting, that even the most blasé opera-goer from Bayreuth or Beecham could learn something new about "Tristan" from the Old Vic.

Drama

THE "DREAM" AT THE COURT

COURT THEATRE.—"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

"I T stands as an edict in destiny" that the actress who has (as *Hermia*) to speak this line in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" shall lay the stress on the first syllable of "edict"; that, while you are still (as the boxing reporters say) trying pluckily to rise, *Lysander* shall (in defiance of *Queensberry* rules) remark:

I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue

and that while you are in the lobby taking, according to your taste, a little whisky or a little *sal volatile* to bring you round, you shall realize that not one word has been spoken of this marvellous love duet:

Lys: . . . But either it was different in blood—

Her: O cross! too high to be enthralled to low.

Lys: Or else misgrafted in respect of years—

Her: O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys: Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

Her: O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

It all goes, just as if Mr. Shaw had not a quarter of a century ago pointed out for the benefit of Augustin Daly the vandalism of such a cut. And Mr. Fagan is less excusable than Augustin Daly: first because he is a poet himself, and secondly because, as Mr. Shaw remarked, "With a *Hermia* who knows how to breathe out these parentheses the duet would be an exquisite one," and Mr. Fagan had at disposal just that *Hermia*. But we must not go too fast; we have not done scolding yet. Besides the manager who cuts, and the players who mispronounce, we must scold the players who improvise. Is it that they feel they have done their duty if they give (hang it all!) the general sense of the thing, don't you know? Or is it that they feel the sing-song monotony of Shakespeare's blank verse really needs a little enlivening, which can be effectively done by leaving out a word or two here and there or substituting a long word for a short one or *vice versa*? But do they think that Mr. John Greenwood permits the orchestra to change the notes of *his* music to their taste? If not, why do they suppose Shakespeare (because he is dead) to be a fit subject for such outrage?

There! We are glad we have got that said. For Mr. Fagan's production is, apart from this, delicious. First the mounting, which matters so much in this play. It is exactly right, simple and stately, and yet really illusive—not a barren scheme of decoration. The wood is a wood truly enough, without a crowd of paper flowers or a carpet of worsted moss. There are just tree trunks and a wide star-studded sky of infinite suggestiveness. Titania's bower, indeed, looks rather a bleak crag, but then Mr. Fagan is justified in ousting the paper flowers at all costs. No, we have no complaint at all to make of the mounting, or of the fantastic little fairies, the least stagey of any we have seen. And the big fairies? Miss Elizabeth Irving is a pretty and sympathetic Titania, but (frankly) does want some more teaching in the art—so difficult!—of standing and moving on a stage. Miss Mary Grey is a singing Oberon, and well equipped of course for that task. She is a dignified king, but, it seemed to us, too benignant altogether. There was a great deal of the temperament of a minor Parisian poet in Oberon: Miss Grey makes him too much a kind father to his fairy people. If the stage tradition is right which makes Puck a dainty, *espiègle* Cupid, then Miss Iris Hawkins is certainly the most adorable of Pucks. But do you imagine Miss Hawkins "neighing in likeness of a filly foal," or being mistaken for a "three-legged stool"? She might be taken for a Dresden ornament off the mantelpiece, but for nothing less charming, that's certain.

Mr. Alfred Clark's success as Bottom has already been acclaimed in the daily newspapers. His method is to reduce Bottom to the simplest terms as a fat, good-natured village blockhead, and then play him carefully and naturally with no more clowning than is necessary to prevent any Shakespearian producer from going out and committing suicide. Whether Tree was not right in discerning a large vein of Simon Tappertit in Bottom is a question we need not discuss here. Mr. Clark has shown once more that if you play Shakespeare quite simply and straightforwardly, he will do the rest for you himself. We congratulate Mr. Clark especially on the way he manipulated the strings of his mask in the ass-head scene, thereby avoiding, thanks to a little pains and forethought, the disaster that befalls most Bottoms, who are simply engulfed in their head as in a cavern. Mr. Miles Malleon (similarly eschewing eccentricity and buffoonery) is as good a Quince as we have seen or want to see: we would only suggest that his facial make-up is too grotesque for his subdued idea of the part. It only remains now that the play scene be made humorous by showing the psychological reactions of the characters to the difficulties of their task, not by clown's tricks. But this is not the millennium.

Turning to the graver mortals, Mr. Eugene Leahy is too severe and peremptory a Theseus. He should cultivate that sunny majesty which allows the Duke to make a loving wife out of the vanquished Amazon, smooth away the fretful anger of father Egeus, leave the lovers with masterly inactivity to settle their own difficulties, and finally dismiss Bottom and his friends in a state of radiant self-satisfaction. Theseus is one of the hardest "thinking-parts" in the Shakespearian repertory. Mr. Samson and Mr. O'Brien are satisfactory without any very striking qualities as Lysander and Demetrius; Miss Audrey Caarten is rather too mincing and querulous a Helena. But the rest of the lovers' quartet is eclipsed by Miss Leah Bateman's nearly ideal Hermia. She is so shrewish and so tender, so mischievous and so pathetic; she has such a delicately expressive face and such a plastic, flowing grace of poise and motion (watch her, Titania!) that nothing else can hold the eye when she is on the stage. Almost we forgive her "edict." Almost; but not quite.

D. L. M.

THE OLD BALLET AND THE NEW

PALACE THEATRE.—The Swedish Ballet.

THE SWEDISH BALLET belongs clearly not to the old school, but the new. In case the distinction has escaped any reader in the pressure of other business, we will try briefly to explain it. The old ballet is the child of the French Revolution—though it is probably not one of those wise children who know their own father. Along with the monarchy and feudalism the Revolution abolished panniers, prudery and heels, and thus at a bound set free the limbs of the dancer. The inventiveness of M. Maillot (costumier to the Opéra) provided a safeguard against the scandals and chills of a real nudity, and only the Pope (so historians say, but it was really the King of Naples) insisted that within his frontiers these things should at any rate not be pink. From this beginning the Franco-Italian ballet schools gradually evolved a technique which, taking the human figure in a purely abstract, geometrical way, aims at exacting from it the maximum of light, rapid and harmonious movement. Thus the dancer moves on the actual tips of her toes, not as an idle display of gymnastic, but because only so can she turn with the necessary smoothness and swiftness.

I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.

All the details of the traditional ballet costume are devoted to this end: the sandal with its flexible sole and stiffened toe, the short circular gauze skirt giving freedom, symmetry and a clear view of the limbs and the rest of the equipment. It is common to contrast the art of the ballet with the dancing of the Greeks as the artificial with the natural, but a careful study shows that the relation is one of rudiment to maturity. Greek dancing is to modern dancing what the Greek musical instruments are to a modern orchestra.

Nevertheless, we must bear in mind William James's dictum: "The great enemy of every subject is the professor thereof." The more refined and complicated developments of ballet technique had begun to be technique for its own sake, not technique for the sake of beauty. The idolizing of mere strength and precision, the formal conception of grace towards which the Latin mind always lapses, the martinet-spirit in which the *ballerina* with her schematic costume and abstract properties was thrust without modification into dramatic, historical and mythological ballets where her appearance destroyed both consistency and illusion, bred a revolt. Classics and romantics split. The romantics wrote books and articles; the classics went on training their pupils.

If there is to be an art of dancing in the future a compromise is imperative. In the schools the classic training should be rigorously enforced: there is no other training to make a dancer. But not every step that is done in the school need be done on the stage. Meanwhile the distinction between ballets which are pure exhibitions of dancing and ballets of a representative character should be hardened. In the former the costume and technique which long experience has perfected should be maintained; in the latter there must be adaptation according to the needs of the work that is being presented. In the days when M. Fokine controlled the Diaghilev Ballet this compromise was observed with magnificent results. It was too brief a gleam.

There is not much attempt at classical technique in the programme which our Swedish visitors are showing us at the Palace. What there was of it was confined to the brief *divertissement* that came fourth on the programme, and it was of no particular merit. The Forlane, Menuet and Rigaudon composing the first ballet, "Au Temps de Jadis," were pretty if a trifle languid and spun-out. They were much helped by M. Laprade's pretty eighteenth-century *décor*, which had something of the subtle melancholy of a Mallarmé prose-poem. "Nuit de Saint Jean" shows us Swedish folk-dancing with some skilful grotesque figurations, and again a clever post-impressionistic *décor* (this time by M. Nils de Dardel) of a jolly Noah's Ark type of rusticity. "Les Vierges Folles," with its steeple-crown hats and stiff skirts and little toy-angels, was an agreeable piece of quasi-mediæval naïveté which cleverly avoided all suspicion of offence. But far more meritorious than anything else on the programme was the "El Greco" ballet, a fragment of drama with death, despair and conversion portrayed against a storm-swept Toledan background and amid the tossing arms of an extremely skilfully-grouped crowd. It was a little chilly and void of emotion, like all the work of these Swedish artists, but it showed a real sense of the possibilities of pictorial and crowd effect and was a clever presentment of a style and a period.

It may be complained that we say nothing of the individual dancers, but in these ballets of the modern school the individual sinks more and more to the place of a detail in a composition. When we say that M. Borlin, Mlle. Hasselquist, Mlle. Figoni and Mlle. Ari do this with perfect propriety we have doubtless not given the limit of their powers; but we have indicated the principal part of their duties.

D. L. M.

Correspondence

THOMAS HARDY.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—With reference to the French view of Thomas Hardy, which has been illustrated by some recent correspondence in your columns, you may be interested to see a rough translation of a poem addressed to Hardy by Kostas Palamas, who is reputed to be the greatest living poet of modern Greece. Palamas was born at Patras in 1859, and is at present Secretary of the University of Athens. A translation of one of his chief works, "Life Immovable," has recently been published in America by the Harvard University Press. The poem to Tess appears in *Tà Παράκαιρα* ("Out of Season"), a collection of various lyrics published in Athens last year.

TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES.

To the great Englishman who created her.

Though your foreign name sounds strangely,
Tess, O Tess D'Urberville, your soul is pure music.
Your great eyes (violet? Black? Or blue?)—
The bow of heaven shines in them.
Your eyes—(black? Blue? Or violet?)—
Great eyes seven-souled within me, darting arrowy speech.
Chosen of pain, slave, victim, and yet Mistress,
In life a fount of tears and in art a joy.
And joy to your father, hosanna to the artist!
Though the prophet of bitterness, he begets you, sweetness.
Wherever you run, the earth is wet with your blood:
Wherever you stand you are exalted. What god blesses you?
No god. Fierce fate's command is on you, alas!
And your pure hand, which work has scarred
And faith has sweetened, what will, what cruelty
Arms your hand with the murderer's knife?
The hard pains of retribution that quench you
Cannot quench the last, the clear,
The brief grace, the joy of the kiss
In the breast of your beloved, a ray of unquenchable sun.
Wrought in a black abyss, you are a golden image;
All things honourable know you: you are everything that suffers.
The temple of Imagination is opened wide,
You are gone up in solemn vesture,
With human things, with everything clean, humble and fearful,
That bears up our mortal breath beyond the stars.
A woman, and an idea, and no stranger; a sister
In Elysian fields, O blessed and topmost of the shadows.
—But man to man is a wolf: the nations are enemies.
Races, places and times fan the flame.
The earth choked with blood calls for the love of the nations,
Cries for it, like a dreamer. But it comes not, it is late.
The love of nations, that is broader, more sacred even
Than love for the holy fatherland, can yet be brought to us—
Love of the nations is brought to earth
By the song of the Word and by the dayspring of Art.

KOSTES PALAMAS.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN MAVROGORDATO.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM

SIR,—With regard to Julie Bertrand's assertion that the unreality of Mr. Hardy's characters is one of the reasons why Mr. Hardy's work proves less popular than that of other English novelists on the Continent, I can only say that during a recent visit to the Hardy Country one saw and recognized some of the peasant class, as they are described by the novelist, and now and then could hear the rich Dorset dialect, as it is faithfully presented by Mr. Hardy. One must keep in mind, of course, that the generation of rustic characters appearing in the Wessex novels belongs to an earlier period than that of the later generation. In the Dorset peasant of to-day, and still more in the townsman, it is evident that many of the characteristics, in outlook, speech, and general habits, have altered much and come under a modernizing influence. The old, slow ways are probably dying out, and allowance must be made for the transmogrifying process of a great imagination in adhering to the inevitable illusion common to all creative art. There is, none the less, an observable connecting link

between the older and later generations. As a result of my acquaintance, brief though it happened to be, with those rustics, I find I can return to the company of the fiction characters with a renewed feeling that they show a remarkable verisimilitude to the real figures, and they seem as alive and familiar as the well-known scenes and landmarks amid which they are placed. Perhaps I may be allowed to quote the summary on this point from Mr. Harold Child's critical study of Thomas Hardy in support of my view: "There are two things to remember (besides the fact that Mr. Hardy may be trusted to know the ways of Wessex rustics pretty well). One is that rustics do preserve that joy in fine talk which other people have lost in these days when everyone is in a hurry and everyone who is not writing is reading. The other thing is that Hardy's rustics were great and critical churchgoers; and nine times out of ten, when the reader is doubtful about the verisimilitude of a phrase, he will find that the source of either words or cadence is the Bible, and especially the Book of Psalms. For all that, there will remain a few cases of rustic talk in which it is impossible not to see Hardy, the man of letters, just enjoying himself among words and phrases for their own sake—but never at any sacrifice of the ulterior truth which he is utterly purposed to express."

Yours faithfully,

W. M. PARKER.

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In the concluding paragraphs of your "Notes and Comments" in THE ATHENÆUM for the 3rd inst. you have, to our mind, stated the case against the bookseller with force and truth.

The rumour that publishers are contemplating combining to establish co-operative bookshops remains, so far as we know, a rumour. May we through your columns make an appeal to other publishers who are interested in this idea, to arrange a meeting when the practicability of such a project might be openly discussed? For our part, we have been in favour of the scheme for some time past.

We are yours faithfully,
LEONARD PARSONS, LTD.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—A paragraph of your "Notes and Comments" in your issue of the 3rd inst. has touched me on the quick, and I think it will have had the same sensitive effect upon many other booksellers that have read it. You write that, after giving a good deal of thought to the matter, you consider that it is the booksellers who have failed in their duty, and as a body they have ceased to care what books they sell. They aim merely at the largest profits.

I am very sorry that you have allowed such a wrong suggestion to go abroad backed by your great influence; for I am sure that it is a great wrong. I do not think that you can find a body of men more idealistic than are the booksellers. I do not at all admit that the second-hand booksellers have a higher ideal.

All good booksellers will agree with you that the problem is to educate the demand, and I am sure that each one of them does his best to educate that section of the public that comes within his influence. He is bound to consider his customers; and in placing his orders with the travellers he must see his way to a probability of selling the books he orders, and that means that he passes some books he would willingly take, because he does not see that probability of sale. Towns vary; kinds of stock vary in the same town; and it does not follow that because Manchester or Birmingham can sell a number of copies, therefore Nottingham ought, and could if the booksellers were more awake.

As to the publishers combining and opening retail shops in various large towns, I hope, as a well-wisher, that they will do no such thing. If I were antagonistic to the publishers, I would advise them to try it, for I am certain that it would mean disaster. One good thing the experiment might do: it might open the eyes of the publishers (or some of them) to the practical difficulties that are met with constantly by the retailer.

Yours truly,
King Street, Nottingham.

HENRY B. SAXTON.

Foreign Literature

THE POETRY OF HUGO SALUS

DAS NEUE BUCH. Von Hugo Salus. (Munich, A. Langen. 5m.)

TO read these latest poems of Hugo Salus is like listening to an echo. It is not only that his work belongs to a type that is to-day being decried as old-fashioned; there is something more than that. The world seems to have grown very noisy since 1914, and some of our geniuses of simplicity and quiet are in danger of being out-shouted. Soon it will quite well come about—unless we listen very carefully—that only the "Dadaists" and the most vociferous of the "Expressionists" will succeed in making their voices heard. This would be very much to our loss. Symbolism, Impressionism may be taboo, but there is still music worth hearing in the poetry of Stefan George, of Rainer Maria Rilke, of Hugo von Hofmannstahl, of the Vienna or Prague Group generally.

It is to these that Hugo Salus belongs. Like Rilke, he was born in Bohemia—in the year 1866. Unlike his fellow-countryman, however, who had in his nature something more than a strain of the Slav, accounting for the mystical philosophy of all his later collections of poems, Salus has Jewish blood in his veins. It is not altogether fantastic to see in this an explanation of his more marked tendency to the concrete image, his greater sensibility to the outer world for its own sake, greater preoccupation with the music of his verse, less intimate concern with the philosophy behind it. Whatever the reason, there at least are the facts.

There has, of course, been an unmistakable development from the poet's earliest work. In his first poems Salus was purely the poet of sensibility. He would take up any subject—within the prescribed range of the impressionist's world. It might be an old legend; some aspect of Nature, always excluding the abrupt and the violent; a girl's glance, so long as there was no passion behind it; music, if only the sound were subdued and the notes of the instrument tenuous and refined. The elements with which he formed his poetry might be anything that was not intense, not too vivid or energetic. As he says somewhere, they are all that is required "to bring forth music from the poet's soul":

Ein sinkendes Blatt, ein Vogelflug,
einer einsamen Flöte träumendes Singen,
ein Mädchenblick: ist jedes genug,
eines Dichters Seele zum Tönen zu bringen.

It follows that narrative and drama are altogether foreign to Salus's work. A great many of his poems are trifles, occasional verses, first published in *Jugend* and similar periodicals. Again and again, however, his lyrics compelled attention by their musical quality, which seemed to increase in vigour and masculinity with each successive volume—"Gedichte" (1897), "Ehefrühling" (1899), "Reigen" (1900), "Neue Farben" (1904), "Glockenklang" (1911), are the chief. At first the poet was, with few exceptions, merely the juggler with rhymes, images, colours, assonances. An early poem entitled "Der Reimkünstler" avows this and glories in the comparison. "You look for a meaning in my juggling of words," the artist says. "What ingratitude!"

Ihr wollt auch Sinn beim Spiele?
Entfesselte Gefühle,
ein lyrisch Dichterlied?
O, Undank ohnegleichen!
Wahrhaftig, sie entweichen!
Und ich bin matt und müde!

But this gay attitude of the poet to his art gradually changed; a certain seriousness, a sense of responsibility entered. This development reaches its highest point

in the volume of new poems under review. The poet has not lost his skill; nor does he disdain to employ it on the slightest of subjects; he will carve a cherry-stone with the greatest goodwill, faultlessly; he will write such poems as "Lenzrausch" or "Schneesturm"—the latter as clever a piece of play with double rhymes as one could find in all the earlier volumes. But such poems of skilful impressionism are here the exception. The composer seems to have put more intellect into his music. The poem "Wort in Gedicht" expresses his opinion on the point:

Jedes Wort eines Gedichts,
Lacht es auch sorglos aus heiterem Munde,
Scheint es auch nur ein tändelndes Nichts,
Ist doch das Kind einer tiefersten Stunde.

Eh's im Gedicht bei den andern stand,
Um mit ihnen in Gleichschritt zu wandern,
Lief es ganz unbekümmert durchs Land,
War es ein Wort wie all die andern.

Jetzt im Gedicht ist es tränenschwer
Oder jubelnd: ein echtes Erlebnis,
Wie wenn es jetzt ein ganz anderes wär,
Ist eines vollen Lebens Ergebnis.

The poet's inspiration is here traced to a deeper source than ever before. It seems to spring from genuine experience, from a sincere effort of the imagination, whether it be a sonnet rendering a picture of one of the German Primitives into words—"Bildnis eines jungen Mädchens"—in the "imaginary woodcut," "Christi Seitenwunde," or in the remarkable group of poems printed together under the title "Persönliches." In these we see something of the poet's spiritual strivings, expressed with all the old command over rhyme and rhythm, but with a new depth and a reality. There is no conclusiveness; the artist has not discovered the secret of his soul or reached the goal of all his longing. This he tells us in the beautiful lyric "Ergebnis":

Aber die Sterne
Sind mir doch immer so ferne wie je . . .

In another poem, "Lebensdrama," he confesses, with evident sincerity, that the tragedy of his life is that his soul yearns for the depths, but his body for superficiality, for gaiety, lightness, irresponsibility. This is, perhaps, the principal interest of the book. The younger Salus is here, represented by such poems of purely technical beauty as "Worte vor Musik," by the handful of war-ballads collected in the pages "Krieg und Frieden." But there is also another Salus, speaking his questionings in a music of simple, affecting beauty. German poetry is richer for these lyrics.

ELS POBLES DE L'ORIENT. By Pere M. Bordoy-Torrents, (Barcelona, "La Revista." 5 ptas.)—A collection of newspaper articles on Eastern Europe, stretching from May, 1918, to June, 1919, would be unreadable, one might think, at this time of day. What gives these chapters an interest is the standpoint of the writer, and the convenient position of Barcelona for seeing and hearing what went on. We do not always agree with Sr. Bordoy-Torrents, nor with the *Veu de Catalunya* for which he writes. But when his articles are compared with the deplorable stuff which was printed in responsible English newspapers, it seems a pity that there was no one available to translate the Catalan view for us. Barcelona is always awake to nationalist movements. Yet the Catalans saw clearly in 1918 that Austria-Hungary was being dismembered by men they regarded as half-educated propagandists who had no knowledge of economic problems. They see no less clearly that it is these men, more than any others, who are responsible for the appalling misery of Vienna and the barbarities of Budapest—results which were foreseen by men who worked for a more statesmanlike solution, and one more in keeping with the facts of economics.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Hollander (Dr. Bernard).** In Search of the Soul, and the Mechanism of Thought, Emotion, and Conduct. 2 vols. 10x6½. 526, 368 pp. Kegan Paul, 42/ n.
- Swisher (W. S.).** Religion and the New Psychology: a Psycho-Analytic Study of Religion. 8½x5½. 276 pp. Routledge, 10/6 n.
- Wright (George E.).** The Church and Psychical Research: a Layman's View. 7½x5. 147 pp. Kegan Paul, 3/6 n.

RELIGION.

- Gonne (Rev. Francis).** The Fringe of the Eternal. 7½x4½. 202 pp. Burns & Oates, 6/ n.
- Martindale (C. C.).** Jock, Jack and the Corporal. 7½x4½. 221 pp. Burns & Oates, 3/6 n.
- Sellwood (A. Grace).** Children on Sunday: a Manual for Sunday School Superintendents, and for any who are interested in the Religious Education of Children. 6½x4½. 95 pp. Wells Gardner, 1/6 n.
- Stewart (Rev. D. A.).** The Place of Christianity among the Greater Religions of the World. 8½x5½. 144 pp. S.P.C.K., 7/6 n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

- Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.** American Foreign Policy. Introd. by Nicholas Murray Butler. 9½x6½. 128 pp. Washington, 2, Jackson Place.
- *Hearnshaw (F. J. C.).** Democracy and the British Empire. 7½x5½. 217 pp. Constable, 7/6 n.
- *Irving (H. B.),** ed. Trial of the Wainwrights (Notable Trials). 8½x5½. 279 pp. Edinburgh, Hodge, 10/6 n.
- Johnson (Fenton).** For the Highest Good. 8x5½. 18 pp. Chicago, "Favorite Magazine," 3518, South State Street.
- Labour and Industry.** A Series of Lectures by Percy Alden, J. B. Baillie and others. 8½x5½. 302 pp. (Publications of the Univ. of Manchester.) Manchester Univ. Press (Longmans), 12/6 n.
- Madison (James).** The Debates in the Federal Convention of 1787 which framed the Constitution of the United States of America. Edited by Gaillard Hunt and James Brown Scott (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace). International Edition. 9½x6½. 828 pp. New York, Oxford Univ. Press.
- *Muir (Ramsay).** Liberalism and Industry: towards a Better Social Order. 7½x5½. 208 pp. Constable, 7/6 n.

EDUCATION.

- Chaucer.** The Nonne Prest his Tale. Ed. by R. F. Patterson. 6½x4½. 96 pp. Blackie, 2/ n.
- Cundall (Leonard B.).** A Human Geography of the British Isles. 7½x5. 358 pp. diags. Nelson, 5/ n.
- Deloney (Thomas).** Thomas of Reading, and John Winchcombe (Blackie's English Texts). 6½x4½. 126 pp. Blackie, 1/ n.
- Ferrari (Paolo).** Goldoni e le sue Sédici Commedie Nuove. A Play, edited by Arundell del Re. 6½x4½. 164 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2/6 n.
- Latin Unseens.** Public Schools Scholarship Questions (1916-19): Passages for Translation from Latin. 6½x4½. 48 pp. Allen & Unwin, 2/ n.
- Phillips (James).** Experimental Science for Supplementary and Intermediate Classes: a Pupil's Model Note-Book. 7½x5. 140 pp. Oliver & Boyd, 3/ n.

PHILOLOGY.

- Lusum (R.).** Spanish Commercial Correspondence. 7½x5. 95 pp. Routledge, 3/6 n.

MEDICAL.

- Long (Dr. Constance E.).** Collected Papers on the Psychology of Phantasy. 8½x5½. 216 pp. Baillière & Tindall, 18/.

USEFUL ARTS.

- Andrew (R. C.).** A Farmer's Handbook: a Manual for Students and Beginners. 7½x5. 142 pp. il. Bell, 6/ n.
- Cooke (A. O.).** A Book of Dovecotes. 7½x5½. 295 pp. Foulis, 6/ n.
- Jones's Book of Practical Forms for Use in Solicitors' Offices.** By the late C. Jones; completed by T. S. Duffill. Vol. III. 7½x5. 451 pp. Effingham Wilson, 10/ n.

- Klickmann (Flora).** Pillow Lace and Hand-Worked Trimmings. 9x5½. 114 pp. il. R.T.S., 2/6 n.
- May (C. J. Delabère).** How to identify Persian Rugs: a Text-book for Collectors and Students. 7½x5. 141 pp. Bell, 6/ n.

FINE ARTS.

- *Fry (Roger).** Vision and Design. 11½x9. 212 pp. pl. Chatto & Windus, 25/ n.
- Sarkar (Benoy Kumar).** Hindu Art, its Humanism and Modernism: an Introductory Essay. 8x5½. 44 pp. New York, B. W. Huebsch.
- Williamson (Dr. G. C.).** Daniel Gardner, Painter in Pastel and Gouache: a Brief Account of his Life and Works. 11½x9. 205 pp. 9 plates in colour, 6 photogravures, and 138 reproductions in half-tone. Lane, 105/ n.

AMUSEMENTS, GAMES, SPORTS.

- Griffith (R. C.) and White (J. H.).** The Pocket Guide to the Chess Openings; with a Summary of the Laws of Chess and General Principles of Play. 6½x3½. 116 pp. Bell, 3/6 n.
- Macnamara (Margaret).** Plays for a People's Theatre: 5, Love-Fibs. 32 pp. 1/6.—6, Light-Gray or Dark? 26 pp. 1/6.—7, Mrs. Hodges. 45 pp. 2/.—9, The Witch. 26 pp. 1/6.—7½x4½. Daniel.
- Norwich Players (The):** a History, an Appreciation and a Criticism. By M. S. and F. W. W. 7½x5. 31 pp. il. Norwich, Mariette Soman, The Book House, St. Andrew's, 1/6 n.
- Royal Auction Bridge.** Problems of Inference and Perception, by "Yarborough." 6½x4. 96 pp. Routledge, 1/6 n.
- Walker (A. H. and Horace).** Conjuring Tricks. 7½x5. 147 pp. il. Routledge, 3/6 n.

LITERATURE.

- *Beerbohm (Max).** And Even Now. 8x5½. 329 pp. Heinemann, 7/6 n.
- Dege (Florence).** Life and Leopardi. 7½x5½. 48 pp. E. Macdonald, 3/6 n.
- *Munro (Harold).** Some Contemporary Poets, 1920 (The Contemporary Series, Vol., II.). 7½x5. 230 pp. Parsons, 7/6 n.
- Murison (W.),** ed. Edmund Burke. A Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol; A Speech at Bristol on Parliamentary Conduct; A Letter to a Noble Lord. 6½x4½. 342 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 7/ n.
- Perry (Ben Edwin).** The Metamorphoses ascribed to Lucius of Patra: its Content, Nature and Authorship. 9½x6. 74 pp. New York, G. E. Stechert & Co.
- *Squire (J. C.).** Life and Letters: Essays. 7½x5½. 298 pp. Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6 n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

- Frils-Møller (Kah).** Indskrifter. Udvalgte Vers, 1910-20. 7½x5½. 120 pp. Gyldendal.
- Green (Adina).** An Elfin Quest. 7½x5½. 58 pp. E. Macdonald, 3/6 n.
- Hayward (H. Richard).** Poems. 7½x5. 58 pp. Amersham, Bucks, Morland, 3/6 n.
- Low (Benjamin R. C.).** Broken Music: Selected Verse. 7½x5½. 166 pp. New York, Dutton & Co.
- Northern Numbers.** Being Representative Selections from certain Living Scottish Poets. 8x5½. 129 pp. Foulis, 6/ n.
- Whitman Walt.** Twenty-three Poems, selected by Gwen Williams (Westminster Classics, III.). 6½x4½. 52 pp. ATHENÆUM Literature Dept., 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2, 1/.
- Wolfe (Humbert).** Shylock reasons with Mr. Chesterton; and other Poems. 7½x5½. 63 pp. Oxford, Blackwell, 5/ n.

FICTION.

- Gould (Nat).** The Rake. 7½x5. 247 pp. Long, 8/6 n.
- Grey (Zane).** The Last Trail. 7½x5. 300 pp. Laurie, 9/ n.
- Rolleston (T. W.).** Three Love Tales after Richard Wagner: Tannhäuser; Lohengrin; Parsifal. 7½x5½. 142 pp. Harrap, 5/ n.
- Southwart (Elizabeth).** The Story of Jenny: a Mill-Girl's Diary (Erskine Macdonald Prize Novel). 7½x5½. 306 pp. E. Macdonald, 7/6 n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

- Bendelack (G. L.).** The City of Rams: Scenes from Life in Canton. 7½x4½. 128 pp. il. C.M.S., 3/6 n.
- Boulting (William).** Four Pilgrims (Trubner's Oriental Series). 8½x5½. 264 pp. Kegan Paul, 10/6 n.
- Burma.** Report of the Superintendent, Archaeological Survey 13½x8½. 41 pp. Rangoon, Superintendent Govt. Printing, 1 rup. 4.
- Delaporte (Louis).** Catalogue des Cylindres, Cachets et Pierres Gravées de Style Oriental: 1, Fouilles et Missions (Musée du Louvre). 13½x10½. 104 pp. 66 pl. Paris, Hachette.
- *George-Samné (Dr.).** La Syrie. Préface de Chekri Ganem. 9x5½. 753 pp. pl. maps. Paris, Bossard, 48fr.
- Goff (A.) and Fawcett (H. A.).** Macedonia: a Plea for the Primitive. 9x5½. 296 pp. il. Lane, 21/ n.
- *Graham (R. B. Cunningham).** Cartagena and the Banks of the Sinu. 10½x6½. 261 pp. Heinemann, 15/ n.
- Hay (Alex. Rattray).** Saints and Savages: Brazil's Indian Problem. Foreword by Rev. J. H. Jowett. 7½x5. 91 pp. il. Hodder & Stoughton, 3/6 n.
- Maxwell (Donald).** A Dweller in Mesopotamia: being the Adventures of an Official Artist in the Garden of Eden. 10½x7½. 136 pp. il. Lane, 25/ n.
- Parry (Rev. O. H.).** The Pilgrim in Jerusalem. 8½x5½. 159 pp. il. S.P.C.K., 10/ n.

BIOGRAPHY.

- *Carnegie (Andrew).** Autobiography. 9½x6½. 395 pp. Constable, 25/ n.
- *Hibbert (H. G.).** A Playgoer's Memories. Prefatory Note by William Archer. 9x5½. 303 pp. il. Grant Richards, 18/ n.
- Lacour-Gayet (G.).** Guillaume II. le Vaincu (Bibliothèque d'Histoire). 7½x5½. 341 pp. Paris, Hachette, 12fr. 50.
- Lacour-Gayet (G.).** Napoléon: sa Vie, son Œuvre, son Temps. Nos. 1, 2. 12x9½. 24 pp. each. il. Paris, Hachette, 3fr. each.
- Memories and Musings of a Hospital Surgeon.** 7½x5½. 198 pp. Glasgow, MacLehose & Jackson (Macmillan), 7/6 n.
- *Taillandier (Mme. Saint-René).** Madame de Maintenon: l'Enigme de sa Vie auprès du Grand Roi (Figures du Passé). Préface de Paul Bourget. 9x6. 285 pp. il. Paris, Hachette, broché 15fr., relié 2fr.
- Thorn (Arthur F.).** The Life-Worship of Richard Jefferies. 7½x4½. 63 pp. Pioneer Press, 61, Farringdon Street, E.C.4, 1/ n.

HISTORY.

- Bareilles (Bertrand).** Un Turc à Paris, 1806-11: Relation de Voyage et de Mission de Mouhib Effendi, ambassadeur extraordinaire du Sultan Selim III. 6½x5. 106 pp. Paris, Bossard, 4fr. 80.
- Helps for Students of History.** 18, Ecclesiastical Records, by Claude Jenkins. 80 pp. 1/9 n.—23, A Guide to Franciscan Studies, by A. G. Little. 63 pp. 1/6 n.—27, La Guyenne pendant la Domination Anglaise, 1152-1453: Esquisse d'une Bibliographie Méthodique. 45 pp. 1/4 n.—36, Coins and Medals, by G. F. Hill. 62 pp. 1/6 n.—7½x4½. S.P.C.K.
- Hogan (James).** Ireland in the European System: Vol. I. 1500-1557. 9x5½. 267 pp. Longmans, 12/6 n.
- Lorrock (J. W.), ed.** The Assembly Books of Southampton: Vol. II., 1609-10 (Publications of the Southampton Record Society). 10½x6½. 162 pp. Southampton, Cox & Sharland, 150, High Street.
- Stead (M. T.).** Itinerarium Regis Ricardi (Texts for Students, 21). 7½x4½. 71 pp. S.P.C.K., 1/9 n.
- Story of the English Towns.** Pontefract, by J. S. Fletcher. 128 pp.—Harrogate and Knaresborough, by J. S. Fletcher. 124 pp.—St. Albans, by W. Page. 114 pp.—7½x5. S.P.C.K., 4/ n. each.
- Viking Society.** Saga-Book, Vol. IX. Part I. "Harold Fairhair" and his Ancestors, by Sir H. H. Howarth. 8½x5½. 252 pp. The Society, Univ. of London, South Kensington, S.W.

WAR.

- *Bernhardi (General von).** The War of the Future in the Light of the Lessons of the World War. Tr. by F. A. Holt. 9x5½. 272 pp. Hutchinson, 16/ n.
- Gauvain (Auguste).** L'Europe au Jour le Jour: Tome IX. La Guerre Européenne (Novembre, 1915—Août, 1916). 10x6½. 509 pp. Paris, Bossard, 15fr.

REFERENCE BOOKS AND ANNUALS.

- Catholic Who's Who and Year-Book, 1921.** 7½x4½. 499 pp. Burns & Oates, 5/ n.
- From Friend to Friend Kalender, 1921.** 4½x3½. 36 pp. Simpkin & Marshall, 1/6 n.
- Girls' School Year-Book (Public Schools), 1920-21.** 7½x5. 647 pp. Deane & Sons, 31, Museum Street, W.C.1, 7/6 n.
- New Age Encyclopædia.** Vol. V. Freebench-Hythe: Vol. VI. I-Lytton. 6½x4½. 480 pp. each. Nelson, 3/6 n. each.
- Sell's World's Press, 1921.** 9½x6½. 518 pp. 168-9, Fleet Street, E.C., 1/6 n.

PERIODICALS.

- British Library of Political Science.** Bulletin. Nov. London School of Economics, 6d.
- Cahiers d'Aujourd'hui.** No. 1, Nov. (Nouvelle Série). 10x7½. 54 pp. il. Paris, 27, Quai de Grenelle, XV., 4fr.
- Ecrits Nouveaux.** Dec. Paris, Emile-Paul, 3 fr.
- Experimental Pedagogy and Training College Record.** Dec. Longmans, 1/6 n.
- Lectura.** Nov. Madrid, Paseo de Recoletos, 25, 2.25 ptas.
- Nouvelle Revue Française.** Dec. Paris, 35-7, Rue Madame, 3fr. 50.
- Oxford Outlook.** Dec. Oxford Chronicle Co., 119, High Street, 2/6 n.
- Studies.** Dec. Dublin, Educational Co. of Ireland, 2/6 n.

REPRINTS.

- Arnold (Robert F.).** Die Kultur der Renaissance: Gesittung, Forschung, Dichtung (Sammlung Götschen, 189). 3rd ed. 6½x4½. 141 pp. Berlin, W. de Gruyter & Co., Genthinerstrasse, 38, 1/9.
- Bourges (Élémer).** Les Oiseaux s'envolent et les Fleurs tombent (Bibliothèque Plon). 7½x4½. 2 vols. 235, 183 pp. Paris, Plon Nourrit, 3fr. each.
- Feist (Sigmund).** Etymologisches Wörterbuch der gotischen Sprache: Lieferung II. E—Hl. Revised ed. 9½x6½. 96 pp. Halle a. S., Niemeyer, 10m.
- *Hammond (J. L. and Barbara).** The Town Labourer, 1760-1832: The New Civilization. 8½x5½. 342 pp. Longmans, 6/6 n.
- Moffatt (G. W. Paget).** Science German Course. 3rd ed. 7x5. 280 pp. Univ. Tutorial Press, 5/ n.
- Phillips' Handy-Volume Atlas of the World, with Statistical Notes and Index.** Revised to date. 6x3½. 74 maps, Philip, 4/6 n.
- *Saint-Martin (Vivien de) and Schrader (F.).** Atlas Universel de Géographie. Nouvelle édition conforme aux traités de paix de 1919. Livraisons 2 to 6. 18½x11½. Paris, Hachette, 7fr. each part.
- Taylor (Late Col. Philip Meadows).** The Story of my Life. Ed. by his Daughter with Introd. and Notes by Henry Bruce. 7½x5. 545 pp. map. Milford, 16/ n.
- Tennebra (T.).** A Saga of Guernsey. 3rd ed. 8½x5½. 37 pp. Ryde, I.W., C. R. Moody, 12, John Street, paper 1/, cl. 3/.
- *Wallas (Graham).** Human Nature in Politics. 3rd ed. 9x5½. 324 pp. Constable, 12/ n.
- Wells (W.).** The Culture of the Chrysanthemum for Exhibition, Decoration, Cut Flower, and Market. 7½x4½. 128 pp. "Country Life," 2/6 n.

JUVENILE.

- Cast-away (A) in Kaviroondo.** 6½x5. 132 pp. il. maps. C.M.S. 2/ n.
- Duncan (F. Martin and L. T.).** Wonders of Animal Life. 6 vols. 7x4½. col. il. Milford, 1/6 n. each.
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Apply EDUCATION OFFICER (T.7.), Education Offices, Victoria Embankment, W.C.2 (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) for form T.17 (c) to be returned by December 20, 1920.

JAMES BIRD,

Clerk of the London County Council.

MACCLESFIELD COUNTY HIGH SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.

THE Governors invite APPLICATIONS for the VACANT POSITION of HEAD MISTRESS. Applicants must be graduates of a University in the United Kingdom or hold equivalent qualifications, and must have had experience in a Secondary School. Present Salary scale £470—£25—£650 (Burnham scale under consideration). There are 370 pupils on the books. The staff comprises 19 Assistant Mistresses and 4 Visiting Teachers. The successful candidate will be required to commence duties in April, 1921.

Copies of candidates' applications and testimonials will be sent to each Governor provided 20 copies are sent to me by December 30.

Full particulars and Form of Application may be obtained from me on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope, and must be returned duly completed, together with copies of three recent testimonials, by Saturday, January 1, 1921.

Canvassing, directly or indirectly, will be a disqualification.

S. LAWTON,

Technical School, Macclesfield,
December 7, 1920.

Clerk to the Governors.

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Forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary of the College either in person or on receipt of a stamped directed envelope.

DAVID SAVAGE,

White Street, Moorfields, E.C.2.

Secretary.

NATAL UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

(UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH AFRICA.)

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